TALES OF TERROR, BY PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Lion Feuchtwanger
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

"THE MOON IS DOWN"
By John Steinbeck
Reviewed by Norman Cousins

"THE NEW DAY: MEN OF GOOD WILL" VOLUME X
By Jules Romains
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"BOOK OF BAYS"
By William Beebe
Reviewed by Donald Culross Peattie

FOUR BOOKS ON JAPAN
Reviewed by Linton Wells

Authors of the Week: Lion Feuchtwanger ("Josephus and the Emperor"), and John Steinbeck ("The Moon Is Down.")

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Tales of Terror

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THE ghost story, in the hands of an artist, can and has become genuine literature. It's an exceedingly difficult and delicate form to master, requiring a distinguished style, deftness in handling atmospheric effects, a wide background in psychology and anthropology, a mature attitude toward life, and, above all, a narrative ability that few authors possess. And it is a dangerous form to tackle —an inept word or phrase, a shade of emphasis wrongly applied, or the clumsy handling of its gossamerlike structure will quickly turn a tale of terror into a gross parody that arouses only smiles of derision. To make a reader accept things which his sense of reason bids him reject is not easy; only a really skillful writer can sustain illusion and maintain the spell to the end. It is not surprising that out of the thousands of such tales that have been written only a handful of first-rate stories survive, and they have been kept alive by their literary quality. As in other forms of art, the years ruthlessly sift out all inferior efforts.

Examined critically, ghost stories seem simple enough in structure. Most of them follow a pattern that is almost as rigid as that of a sonnet. The setting is established with proper atmospheric embellishments, the main characters are presented, and then there are likely to be hints of the ghostly visitation to come. After that, events lead up swiftly to the time when the apparition—or whatever it is—makes its presence known. The success or failure of the entire story depends on the effect of this climactic moment upon the reader. A superlatively well-told tale acting upon a sensitive audience can result in greater emotional heightening than that produced by almost any other kind of literature. There is an actual physical response—the celebrated *frisson d'horreur* is no imaginary thing, as anyone who has experienced it will testify. The nervous system reacts as if it were being subjected to an electric shock. The short hairs at the base of the neck rise "withershins," and a definite shudder runs down the spine.

It stands to reason that a form of literature which can have such tremendous effect upon its readers must possess extraordinary power. Divorced from reality, dealing not with human beings and things natural to them, but with half-suggested, insubstantial creatures spun out of thought, the ghost story is in a class by itself. Other kinds of writing benefit from the many warm, rich human emotions they arouse, but the ghost story stakes everything on one cold, stark emotion—fear.

THE fear it creates may be accompanied by a curious sort of wild beauty or panic awe, but fear is the *raison d'être* of the ghost story. If it succeeds in making its readers' skin prickle, it has accomplished its purpose; if it fails to do so, it has failed completely. There are no halfway measures, and all attempts to vary the simple theme or to mitigate its full power are unworthy of serious consideration. The humorous ghost story is no ghost story at all, and tales with rational explanations are sheer frauds.

A ghost story must be about the supernatural or it is not worth the telling. Nothing is more infuriating than the deceptive account that starts out like the real thing and then lets the reader down when the author suddenly drops the mask and cries: "Boo! It's all right—I was only joking." No one wants to be made a fool of. Sheets and lathe and phosphorescent paint may serve to frighten children, but adults demand stronger stuff. They would rather believe that the phantom which made them shudder came from the very depths of hell than from someone's box of manufactured tricks.

—From "Ordeal in England," by Philip Gibbs.

However, a genuine belief in the supernatural is not needed for the enjoyment of the ghost story. There is a large enough residue of the primitive sense of wonder in most of us to give us a taste for inexplicable mystery. Grudgingly or willingly, depending upon our degree of skepticism, we grant —or are tricked into granting—the necessary supernatural premise, and then it is up to the author to carry on from there. But after granting this premise the reader should not be asked to fling all vestiges of common sense away. The story must have some foundation in reality, or it will seem so absurd that no one will care what happens in it. The skillfully told tale of fantasy should make only one departure from solid fact, as H. G. Wells has explained in his Preface to "Seven Famous Novels":

> Anyone can invent human beings inside out or worlds like dumbbells or a gravitation that repels. The thing that makes such imaginations interesting is their translation into commonplace terms and a rigid exclusion of other marvels from the story. Then it becomes human. "How would you feel and what might not happen to you?" is the typical question, if, for instance, pigs could fly and one came rocketing over a hedge at you. How would you feel and what might not happen to you if suddenly you were changed into an ass and couldn't tell anyone about it? Or if you became invisible? But no one would think twice about the answer if hedges and houses also began to fly, or if people changed into lions, tigers, cats, and dogs left and right,

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or if everyone could vanish anyhow. Nothing remains interesting where anything may happen.

For the writer of fantastic stories to help the reader to play the game properly, he must help him in every possible unobtrusive way to *domesticate* the impossible hypothesis. He must trick him into an unwary concession to some plausible assumption and get on with his story while the illusion holds.

Just as too much unreality spoils the ghost story, so will too little make it difficult to accept. The author must strike a medium between unrestrained fancy and sobering fact. He cannot make his ghost too solidly substantial or his readers will refuse to credit it. They have at least a vague concept of what a ghost should be, and it is better to let their concept remain vague. The unreal gains nothing from being made more concrete; ghosts are most convincing when they cannot be examined too closely—illusion vanishes when they can be touched or felt. You cannot analyze the mournfulness of a hoot-owl's cry or reduce to formula a moonbeam's magic. Ghosts have their own dimension, and they pine and fade away when they are brought into ours.

IMAGINATION is needed for the writing of supernatural tales and also for the enjoying of them. The reader who is deaf to the sad, sweet tinkling of the dulcimer in "Kubla Khan" or who is unmoved by the glory of a phrase like "Charmed magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn" is not likely to have much use for a literature that depends upon suggestion and association for its effect. It comes from a realm where the subjective must rule unchallenged; it is closely akin to poetry, it belongs to the metaphysical, it is allied to esthetics, and its products cannot be measured in inches or pounds, but only in terms of themselves and in comparison with one another. The absolute materialist will balk at this point, if indeed he is still with us, for we have probably left him muttering angrily by the wayside a long time ago.

The provinces we have staked out in the dark reaches of the nether mind are inhabited not only by ghosts; horror dwells there also; and its dread region abuts upon the nearer bourns of an empty blackness where reason itself totters and is engulfed. But horror and fear, although of the same family and often mistaken for each other, are not identical. Unlike fear, which can be of long duration, horror is necessarily climactic in effect. The mind can stand only so much, then its protecting agencies quickly come to the rescue and benumb the nerves. Thus it will be seen that horror transcends fear and is even more powerful.

The word, of course, has been used much too loosely. There is no horror, for instance, about a corpse, no matter how unpleasant it may look. Nothing substantial can be truly horrible; it may, by some odd quirk of association, inspire horror, but horror itself can be found only within ourselves. It is an emotion that is rooted in the imagination rather than in anything in the external world.

TRUE horror, fortunately, is a rare experience for most of us. We may be frightened, terrified, or even awestruck upon occasion, but a man may easily live out his whole life even in these extraordinarily troubled times and never come face to face with horror in his waking moments. In dreams, however, it is not uncommonly to be met with, and in them it can be encountered in full force. In real life the critical mind acts as a censor, so that even the most dreadful experiences are mitigated by ever-present reason which whispers reassuringly, "This can't be true," or "Perhaps it isn't so bad as it appears." But in dreams we have no such protection. In them we have to stand naked before unbearable horror, and if, panic-stricken, we seek to escape, we find ourselves pursued to the very brink of consciousness by a thing that would drive us mad if we were to confront it in the daylight.

Nightmares are the most horrible ordeals the human mind has to undergo, for it has no barrier to set up against them. The horror found in supernatural literature is closer to that experienced in dreams than to anything encountered in our waking life. In the ghost story, horror is induced by the dread apparition which comes to haunt the defenseless characters and causes the reader to shudder in sympathy with them. But there is still another branch of literature which attempts to arouse the same heightened emotion without using any ghostly device. This is the so-called horror story; in its pure form it is even more difficult to handle than the ghost story. Lacking the ghost story's focal interest, it must count upon even less tangible things than malevolent spirits to produce its effect. And it must maintain a very delicate balance, for it quickly becomes ludicrous when the author's imagination is too coarse. Strange fungus growths, hideous hybrids put together from chimeras and unpleasant beasts, and pseudo-human monsters assembled in the charnel house simply will not do. The implausible is not horrifying—no intelli-

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Soldier-Historian in Rome

JOSEPHUS AND THE EMPEROR. By Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 446 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS powerful and intensely interesting book has at least three specially striking aspects. It is an exciting yarn, it presents a remarkable analysis of that moral mare's-nest, the so-called Jewish problem, and it is a first-rate study of an ancient dictator with suggestive sideswipes at the modern variety. On all three counts it is so good that it is likely to get less attention than it deserves. But those who read it may wish, like this reviewer, that they had also read the first two parts of the trilogy of which this volume is the conclusion.

Mr. Feuchtwanger's story is an imaginative version of the life of Josephus, the Jewish soldier-historian, against the dangerous background of the Rome of the Flavians. And in this volume we see him live, move, and have his peculiar being under the eye of the enigmatic Domitian, a second-string tyrant, who was endeavoring to introduce a new order by methods identical with those now unhappily once more familiar. Mr. Feuchtwanger's hero is a man of many virtues and vanities, none of which are extenuated, and, like most people, the victim of cold thought and hot feeling. Intellectually Josephus wants a synthesis between Jehovah and the Classic Pantheon, but he knows better in his heart, which, for all his Greco-Roman veneer, beats in rhythm with the fanaticism of Jewish die-hards in successive revolts. To those zealots Josephus seems a traitor and an apostate, just as to his Roman friends he is potentially a dangerous enthusiast, difficult to understand, if he were worth understanding. But by and large he is quite convincing enough to be really tragic. And so is his opposite number, the Emperor, obsessed and sustained by the grotesque necessity of being a god, for which, like his modern analogues, he not unnaturally lacks the essential equipment. The contrast is, if anything, too complex and perhaps too much insisted upon. But, for one, the reviewer is glad it got set down on paper.

The consequences of ritual, good and bad, have seldom been more clearly shadowed forth. As every one knows, and no one ever feels, the trouble with ritual is that one is never conscious of one's own. One takes it to be the expression of the order of the universe, and is no more aware of it, to borrow a familiar image, than a man looking through a telescope at the moon is aware of the lens. But we notice the optical defects of another man's lens without any difficulty whatever, a circumstance well known to the principal figure of the New Testament. Now the Jew is blessed or cursed with the most permanent of all known ritual systems. Accordingly we see all his errors at a glance just as he sees all ours. And it won't do much good for Paul to abide in Greece or for Rabbi ben Ezra to platonize. Rabbi ben Ezra at any rate knows something behind and beyond thought, which Plato could never feel whatever Plato might know.

But the fact that these antinomies exist and can only be dragged with some difficulty into the open in no way excuses the hideous fact of anti-Semitism. Our failure to understand these Orientals is normal and no more reprehensible than their failure to understand us. The shocking thing about

—From "Conquer," by John Masefield.

anti-Semitism is its mere beastly unimaginative unkindness. Cruelty for its own sake is dull sport and generally has a pathological cause. Very few of our leading anti-Semites have wit enough to see a connection between their simple pleasures and those of degenerates who derive morbid satisfaction from the infliction of pain on members of the opposite sex. Napoleon, who, it has been noted, had sound middle-class instincts, threw the Marquis of Sade into prison where he remained till the Bourbons released him with other noblemen. I do not propose that anti-Semites be sent to prison, but I hope they may in time recognize their spiritual and intellectual affinities.

Not the least suggestive aspect of the book is the portrait of Domitian. He had the misfortune like the majority of unsuccessful Roman Emperors to have history written by his mortal enemies. Domitian was hard-working, after the manner of Roman Emperors, *teste* Mr. Elmer Davis. However, any attempt to whitewash the last Flavian is probably doomed to failure. But the evil that he did is probably best explained as Mr. Feuchtwanger explains it. Dictatorship is simply too much for the dictator, for even the intellectual greatness of Alexander or Caesar is hardly equal to the necessity of being superhuman when human is the utmost man can be. Domitian does separate the man he is from the god he thinks he has to be. But the god is like an arthritic disease that hardens all outward and weakens the inward creature. To some extent the appearance we expect of ourselves damages the reality of all of us, except for those rare and delightful persons who are what they seem. But this is so well demonstrated with respect to Domitian that, instead of being the peevish and suspicious villain of the piece, he becomes a pathetic demon for whom it is possible to feel an almost guilty sympathy. He makes us remember the sickening interest we feel in Tartuffe and his self-justifications. We get interested in what inevitably is going to happen to him. The man who must be the exponent of unearthly wisdom, the man whose intuitions have to be above and beyond mere science or vulgar truth, the leader of necessity always right, must by the same necessity become a carapace of apparent power inhabited by vacancy, like the armed giant of Mr. MacLeish's remarkable radio poem.

Mr. Feuchtwanger is clearly one of those writers who suffers especially, even in a good translation. Something is always lost. His German I suspect of being marble. The English version is some novel plastic, certainly not lucite. And one delicious howler, which should never have got by the editorial staff of a great publisher, is too good to keep. Domitian is said to have desired "a son conceived by himself."

But, adequately translated or not, this book has height, range, and vehemence. You can say it is too subtle or too melodramatic, and attack it on other grounds. Nevertheless, it is full of creativeness, thought, and humanity. Merejkovski himself was hardly more ingenious at solving the equation between different times, so that grim and unfamiliar light suddenly reveals the meaning of what we know too well altogether to understand it.

Maurice Hindus, whose book, "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia," was published shortly before the Nazi all-out drive on Moscow, is now working on another book-length prediction. His new book will be called "Russia and Japan Must Fight." It will be published on April 7.

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The Will to Live and Resist

THE MOON IS DOWN. By John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 188 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by NORMAN COUSINS

IT would be easier to write two separate reviews of this book than to attempt the usual single account. Because when you put it down (it is a small book, a very small book, and you can read it at a single sitting), you seem to carry away two distinct sets of impressions. The first is your feeling about the book up until a dozen pages from the end. The second is your feeling about it just after you have finished it. In short, the ending, though dramatic enough, seems not of a piece with the story itself, and thereby mars as satisfying a novelette as has been published in many seasons. This is why:

This is a story whose hero is a people—the people of a small town, an honest, reasonable, slow-going people who believed that peace was the language of mankind, that one had only to speak it anywhere to be understood and respected. They believed it when the invader came, speaking the language of fascism. They learned right away that part of that language meant treachery, for they were to discover that a man they had thought to be one of themselves, the once-popular storekeeper, had proved himself the wedge which enabled the small invading force to move into the town almost unnoticed and to fasten its grip on the people so quickly and so effectively that immediate resistance was impossible.

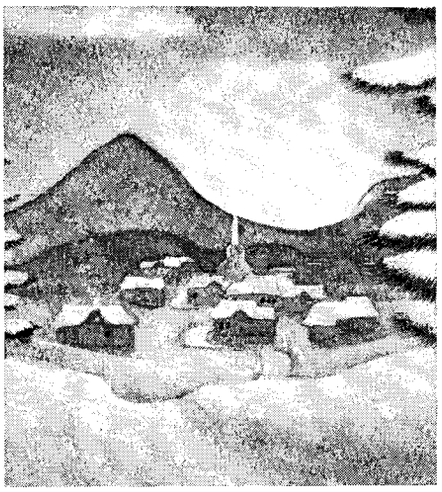
Yet even this early lesson disturbed only slightly the unstrained quality of their mercy, nor did it inflame a bitterness measured in terms of quick violence. They had been speaking one language for centuries, and it was difficult to learn that deceit could mean deceit; and so they could not help it if they tended to see even their enemies in their own image.

Their spokesman—and he was a spokesman in the truest sense of the word—was the Mayor, a rather solid but generally inarticulate character who, seemingly, had been Mayor as far back as anyone could remember, and whose chief virtue was that his mind and the collective mind of the people were one. It wasn't that he had deep powers of insight or vision or imagination; it was that an affinity existed which enabled him to express better than any other person the public will. His job was not to create public opinion but to feel it—sometimes even before the people themselves.

Around the Mayor there were other persons as much a part of the town as the Mayor's old mansion. There was the good doctor—fireplace philosopher and friend and confidant of the Mayor; there was the Mayor's wife, a somewhat fussy and ceremonious little woman who made all the decisions except the important ones; there were the servants, a cook and a butler, both strongly individualistic, whose courage and resourcefulness seemed limitless.

But the Mayor's "palace"—once the invasion took place—also became the headquarters of the occupation forces. The Mayor stayed on in a section of the palace, and retained his nominal authority. The officers occupied another section. Off by themselves, the officers were a human and average lot, so human, in fact, that we can understand them and see them as part of a vaster tragedy. But they had been trained to speak the language of fascism, and even though some of their number realized that this language must always be unintelligible to a free people, theirs was not to question or reason, but to order. They ordered the people to obey. To work the mines. They even ordered them to be friendly.

The people are slow and they are reasonable but they are not fools. Orders spoken in the language of fascism are not reasonable orders. They will work because they have always worked but they will work out of their own free will and not because they are slaves. And when one of them strikes out and murders an officer, the others come to understand that they have a job to do: the enemy must be destroyed at any cost. This wave of resistance starts as a little stream, picks up strength and grows and broadens and becomes a flood. There is no mistaking its force or its size. This is a Niagara of resistance let loose. The people are not armed and open warfare is impossible. But in their own way they have come to understand what the language of fascism means and will have none of it. They hold back at work. They sabotage. They communicate with Britain and get the ally to drop hundreds of sticks of dynamite by parachute.



—From "The Moon Is Down."

They cannot be stopped. They cannot be stopped even when retaliation strikes back swift and deep. The Mayor is ordered to stop them, but he does not, because he knows he cannot, because he knows they are doing what he would do. But the Mayor is a symbol. He is loved and respected. The people must be punished. They must be hurt. They must pay the price of their resistance. That price is the life of the Mayor. That is the language of fascism, which twists the knife instead of withdrawing it, and yet expects the wound somehow to close. . . .

That is the rough story. As you read it, you have the sense of participation. You feel the tempo rising in you, even as it rises in the spirit of the townsfolk. You keep preparing yourself for the smashing climax. You are psychologically attuned to an ending of the proportions of "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

But the last dozen pages do not seem to come off. It is not only that the story is not resolved—we may have to wait a long time until events themselves will justify stories such as these being resolved in the way we should like to see them resolved—but that the technique itself of the ending seems at odds with the overall pattern. The Mayor is a heroic character, certainly, but he is not the hero. And yet the hero's role is thrust upon him suddenly and a hitherto rather inarticulate old man goes off at the final curtain reciting the "Apology" from Socrates. Such a device is obviously better suited to the theatre. In fact, "The Moon Is Down" would make an even better play than it does a book. It divides itself nicely into three acts, and action is described mostly in group conversation, rather than by the direct method. Then, too, the coming and going of the characters, the development of the dramatic situations, the continuing emphasis upon strong, colorful characters—all this seems to add up to drama of the first magnitude.

But play or no play, as a book "The Moon Is Down" is a unique reading experience. Steinbeck tells his story with simplicity, force, dignity, and even beauty. I cannot recall another novel of comparable size that has achieved so much of the sense of vital suspense, so strong a feeling of reality. Steinbeck's images are strong and closely knit. Except for one or two slips, he comes as close as any author to making himself unobtrusive and leaving you free to lose yourself in the story. Which you do.

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Men of Good Will—X.

THE NEW DAY: MEN OF GOOD WILL—VOLUME TEN. By Jules Romains. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 554 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY L. MCGEE

IN "Aftermath," Jules Romains dealt with the immediate repercussions of World War I on French society. In this new addition to "Men of Good Will" (and the end is not yet), society is still demoralized, but men are turning their faces toward a new light, a light which comes from the east, from Russia. "It may be the dawn; it may be a conflagration. But whether we believe it to be the one or the other, we are all agog to get there."

In the first part of the volume the author moves slowly through the early 1920's, a period when, beneath a brave front, the middle classes were suffering from the first stages of inflation, when labor and the peasants were filled with unrest, and when everybody was disillusioned because the rewards of victory had not been worth the sacrifices they had cost.

The scene moves to Russia in the second part of the volume, but the end comes before either reader or characters know whether the light is dawn or conflagration. Romains does not know Russia as he knows France, and his analysis of the Revolution in progress is neither new, provocative, nor conclusive. Of course the story is not finished and it is unfair to judge this one volume as a single unit. But if one were to plot a graph representing the general interest of the various volumes, the line which rose to an apex with "Verdun" and descended rapidly with "Aftermath," would make a slight upward turn with the first part of the present volume and would descend to a low level again with the last part.

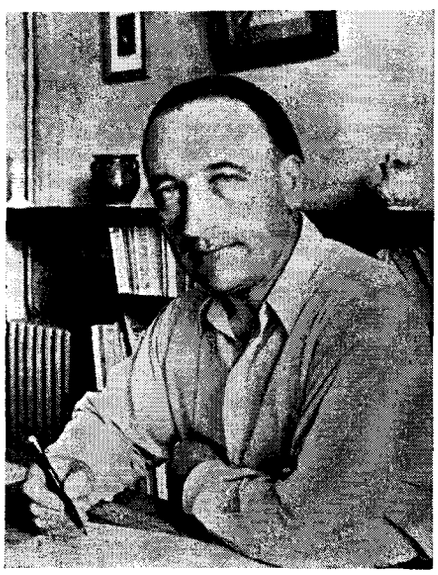
Romains adheres to his established method of portraying society through widely separated groups of characters moving in parallel planes. If he simplifies the picture of France in 1922 by hewing too closely to his line of social instability, he at least strengthens his point through simplification. Yet, for all this singlenesss of purpose, one feels that he, like the period he depicts, is not quite sure what comes next.

All the old vividness of character portrayal is still there, however, with the keen analysis of the impact of external forces on individual temperaments. For all his naturalism, Romains succeeds in endowing his characters with souls as well as bodies, with spirit as well as appetites, with minds as well as reflexes. They may be led as sheep by circumstances, but they know they are sheep. In this respect Romains differs from most of his naturalistic ancestors of the nineteenth century.

The major characters of Book XIX are our old friends of Sampeyre's "little set"; Laulerque, the young radical of the early volumes who has compromised with the bourgeoisie by accepting an administrative position in a Swiss sanatorium; Clanricard, the gentle school-teacher who lost an arm at Verdun and whose character is now evolving toward cynicism; and Mathilde, Clanricard's wife, who had a love affair with Laulerque before her marriage.

They are all in agreement that the age is lacking in vitality, that, while there is no lack of discontent, it is not of the kind that results in heroic action. "Our age is trying to stabilize the present makeshifts and present uncertainty," says Sampeyre, "to settle into a state of affairs which is the very negation of any genuine settlement."

The amorality of the age is a symptom of its disease. Laulerque, who had earlier voluntarily withdrawn his attentions from Mathilde so that Clanricard might marry her, now proposes a renewal of their love pact. Mathilde accepts, and Clanricard finds consolation in a mistress. Both men rationalize their positions in somewhat the same manner. To Laulerque, this defiance of human and divine laws is man's revenge upon society, and Clanricard is ready to accept wife- and husband-trading "not as a surrender to vicious propensities, but as a serious attempt to find a normal solution to old problems, . . . as a daring and cool-headed effort to bring new blood into the standards of morality, almost as a victory of reason."



Jules Romains

Jallez, who shares with Jerphanion the major role in "Men of Good Will," reappears in Book XX. After a conversational interlude in Rome and an amorous interlude in Nice, he goes to Odessa.

This is the time of the great famine, and Jallez is not favorably impressed by what he sees. Yet, beneath the graft, despotism, and misery, he feels that some force is at work which is bigger than political revolution, bigger, even, than social revolution. It is "the general sickness of society, decomposition, rotting away of society." It is corruption, but not the corruption of the Regency, which "smelt of roses and women." It is corruption which conveys "the very smell of death."

In the meantime, Jerphanion, still secretary to the French cabinet minister Bouitton, arrives in Moscow. Here the picture is different. Jerphanion, although not impressed by the figures, charts, and factories he is shown, catches something of the spirit of the Revolution when he attends a popular performance of *Carmen,* given with a modernistic setting. "A people who can produce a show like this cannot be a people of narrow-minded and fanatical pedants. Life strikes at it from too many sides, delights it with too many manifestations. It is torn by passions. It is young. That may be the secret of its revolution, too; a whirlpool of youthfulness, a great burst of confidence in the future; the belief that one is going to found a better world, that all the old ills will be done away with—wars and poverty, ignorance and slavery."

The travels of Jallez and Jerphanion, who meet at Nizhni-Novgorod as the book ends, will no doubt be continued in a later volume. For the present, the hope of a new day is not very bright, although the contrast between "old" France and "new" Russia is making itself felt even to Jallez who has seen only the ugly side of the picture.

The most representative and comprehensive book exhibition ever prepared in this country for showing outside the United States soon will be on its way for a two-year tour of the Latin-American republics.

Assembled by the American Institute of Graphic Arts with the approval of the Coordinator of Inter American Affairs, the exhibition of 200 books will be circulated by the Pan American Union, and ultimately will become permanent exhibitions in the Latin American cultural centers.

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Realism and Imagination

I, TOO, HAVE LIVED IN ARCADIA. By Marie Belloc Lowndes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 318 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES gives a sub-title to this record of her father, his brief married life, and of her mother's widowhood until nine years later in 1881, when Madame Belloc, little Marie's grandmother died. She calls it—"a record of love and of childhood." It is that. It is also a record of heroism, of mental intrepidity, of a realism colored by imagination and faith but quite free from the sentimentality some might fear in such a story. Bessie Parkes was thirty-seven when she met, by chance, Louis Belloc. He was a year younger, an invalid who was not allowed to do any work, after a breakdown which ended a brilliant career. In 1867 to be in the late thirties and a spinster ranged a woman among the old maids. Bessie Parkes and her friend Barbara Bodichon were workers for women's rights—in the vanguard of every radical movement in England. Bessie was descended from the great Joseph Priestley, and she had her own career and a distinguished position. All her family belonged to that small, highly intellectual group of Unitarians who were then in a dominant place in English Liberalism. But Bessie was a Roman Catholic. I wish Mrs. Belloc Lowndes had told us something of the manner of that conversion—had it not happened, there would have been no romance, no marriage with Louis Belloc, no Marie Belloc Lowndes, no Hilaire Belloc. It is a deplorable conditional!

In a way the marriage of Bessie Parkes reminds one of the marriage of the Brownings—in reverse. Bessie made up her mind to marry Louis. She was not "in love" she declared; she was too old for that—at thirty-eight! But she loved Louis; and their married life had a rare happiness, while Louis's death in 1872—they had been man and wife for nearly five years—left her prostrate with a lonely grief. The story, as their daughter tells it, would be beautiful if this couple and their children had been unknown and lived an obscure life remote from affairs and famous people. As it is, the book has the vivid interest of history as well as the lyric beauty of romance.

At the moment the most poignant passages are, perhaps, those which deal with the Franco-German war. As I read them, I decry a terrible contemporaneity in the events and the comments of the sufferers. Madame Belloc's little house in La Celle St. Cloud was occupied by the German army. There was no bombardment, no fighting. Officers and men were just billeted in the houses. (The family had gone first to Paris, then to the Isle of Wight). A letter from Madame Belloc's daughter has this:

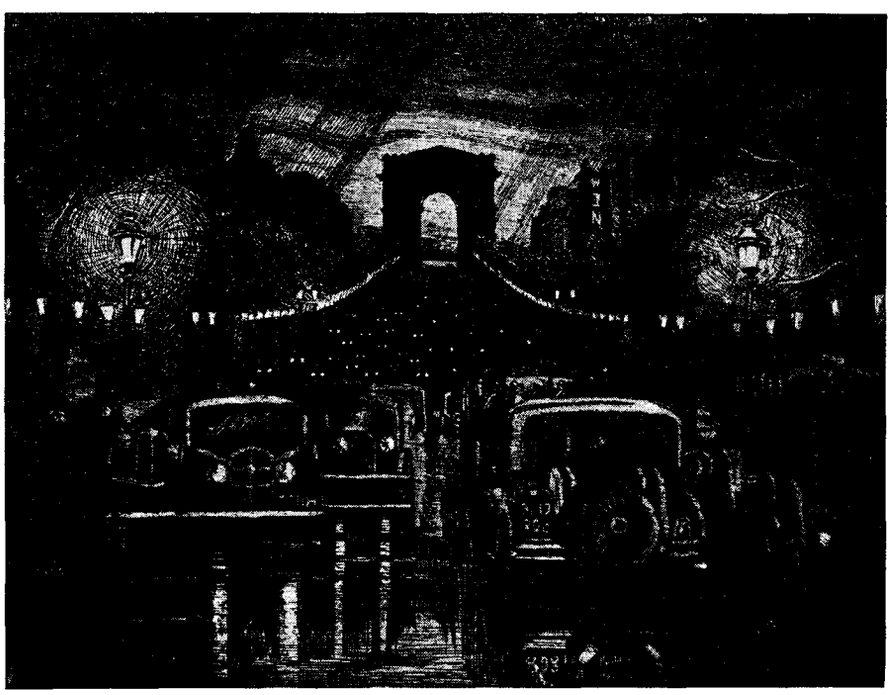
> the Prussians seem to have conducted an orgy of destruction all over the village. As to the contents of our houses there is nothing left, excepting Bessie's books which, as you know, were hidden. . . . The garden is filled with heaps of broken china, furniture which has been broken into small pieces, curtains and linen torn to pieces. Worst of all your manuscripts, your letters, your books, have all either completely disappeared or are in a filthy condition. . . . O, mother, who could ever have thought it conceivable that in the nineteenth century men, who in civil life must each have known what it is to work hard and make a home, would burn and devastate even the humblest people's little houses, apparently to amuse themselves?

And in another letter to Bessie Parkes Belloc:

> Germany has shown herself to be a nation of brigands, bombing open towns, . . . burning alive men who were defending their honor, sacking houses of every type. . . . If the world were wise, all humanity will now rise against Germany.

Many of Madame Belloc's things were, of course, stolen. She had many valuable pictures; she had letters by Byron, Lamartine, Stendhal (who introduced her life of Byron), Michelet, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Lincoln Phelps. Some of these were found, filthy and torn and scribbled on, among the garbage with which house and garden were crammed, evidently flung there when the victorious troops left either for Germany or to join in the triumph at Versailles.

On its more personal side this book is notable for its loving, profoundly imaginative portrait of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's French grandmother, this learned, cultured lady so unlike a bluestocking. Bessie Parkes had never been understood by her own mother; in Madame Belloc, once she had overcome that noble woman's scruples about the marriage with her invalid son, she had a lifelong friend. I would recommend all who share the delusion that the French are grasping, and keep strangers away from the family, to read this book. After Madame Belloc is almost reconciled to Bessie's taking on the task of marriage to a man so sick that a specialist declared he could never have children, Bessie told her she would inherit a little fortune. Promptly Madame Belloc writes another letter of dissuasion! This gallant woman is brought to life in her granddaughter's book. Then in the portrait of her mother Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has succeeded equally well; only this is but a part of the story of this indomitable, stubborn, lovable character, and we must demand that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes should, out of her stored memory and her family records, give us the rest of Bessie Parkes Belloc's long life.



—From "All Men Have Loved Thee: A Song of France."

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Essays by Mark Van Doren

THE PRIVATE READER: Selected Articles and Reviews. By Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1942. 416 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

TO live in one's own time, to give an intelligent hearing to the intellectual controversies of one's own time without being taken in by literary fashions—this is surely one of the marks of good criticism. Whether "The Private Reader" as a collection of essays and reviews deserves the diuturnity of print is a question which its author modestly waives; but that the critic is important, even if some of his reviews are of necessity ephemeral, is patent. Mr. Van Doren's book on Shakespeare really made the reader want to read Shakespeare. Mr. Van Doren's essays on literary criticism in this collection really make one want to meditate on literary criticism.

The volume falls into three divisions: a preface and thirteen articles; a series of reprinted books reviews; and a series of reviews of moving pictures. Intelligent comment on the motion picture is desirable, and Mr. Van Doren has given it, but his comment proves in fact to be as ephemeral as the pictures themselves, so that it is only by a supreme effort of the imaginative memory that one can recall some of the pictures and their scenes sufficiently to understand Mr. Van Doren's points. The movie critic like the music critic is doomed, one fears, to become source material for some future historian.

The same thing is true, in somewhat lessened degree, of the reprinted book reviews. Even though some of the volumes which Mr. Van Doren has noticed linger as important books, of most of them one can only remark that they have their little day and cease to be. This is, however, no argument against the importance of book reviewing. It is, on the contrary, an argument for better reviews. But the reviewer is, in the nature of things, only a first taster, as Mr. Van Doren himself remarks; and it is doubtful whether reprinting the short book review does any real service to the critic.

What is important and lasting is, however, the first third of this collection, a group of articles in which Mr. Van Doren has set forth certain conclusions about poetry and criticism, notably contemporary poetry and contemporary criticism. Tension, he shrewdly remarks, is not the right tool for the critic, and yet tension is precisely the weapon which intellectualistic criticism has brandished fiercely. Criticism, he remarks, "was never more academic than it is now. But it is not about the rules and the proprieties that we are lectured. It is about the processes and the symbols; criticism, obsessed with a desire to be scientific toward poetry, limits itself to questions of psychology and language." "Our age," he continues, "is sick with a distempered appetite for the latest news of itself. Its writing is about writing . . . " "Criticism now," he further writes, "is not greatly interested in success, just as it is nervous in the presence of genius. It prefers the poem whose author can be seen sweating at his job of extending or intensifying an image to the point of systematic dullness, to the end of an admirable aridity." And in a later essay: " . . . the intellect does not know its limits in poetry today; nor does emotion. The mind thrashes itself into a state of exhaustion; and the prevailing sentiments are self-pity, nostalgia, despair."

I do not see how diagnosis can be more acutely phrased. Mr. Van Doren seems to me in the right sort of way, and one greets with pleasure sentences that are luminous and just. The volume suggests, however, that Mr. Van Doren owes us a series of critical essays rather than a collection of writing mainly ephemeral; it suggests that such a volume might display that quality of balance, that quality of historic insight, wanting in most living critics; it suggests that Mr. Van Doren's criticism, the criticism of good sense, deserves a larger range than he has here given it.

Mark Van Doren

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MONEY IN LITERATURE

Money may not be everything, but the sums involved in the stories briefly sketched below were very important to the characters concerned. Do you remember them? Allowing 5 points for each person correctly identified, and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 16.

1. He borrowed 3,000 ducats from an enemy to lend to a friend, and nearly forfeited his life when he was unable to pay it back in three months.

2. For 1,000 guilders he agreed to rid a town of rats.

3. This linen weaver was robbed one winter night of his life savings, £272/12/6.

4. His financial philosophy was as follows: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

5. Christmas was coming and she wanted to buy her husband a present, but all the money she had was one dollar and eighty-seven cents.

6. As soon as she could earn £12 with which to buy a typewriter she left her too-successful husband.

7. Through Indian magic he was granted three wishes; his first was for £200, which he received the next day from an insurance company as compensation for his son's accidental death.

8. He spent 36,000 francs to replace a lost necklace worth only 500.

9. Through an agent, this Hawaiian bought, for two centimes, a bottle which would provide wealth and riches for its owner while he lived and eternal damnation after he died and which could only be sold at a loss.

10. In order to inherit seven million dollars, he had to spend one million within a year and have nothing to show for it.

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The Equipment of William Beebe

BOOK OF BAYS. By William Beebe. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1942. 302 *pp.* $3.50.

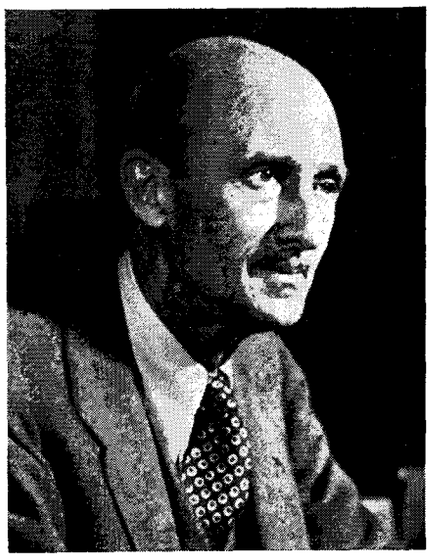
Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

DR. WILLIAM BEEBE'S first book appeared thirty-seven years ago. Each of his twenty volumes has been better than the one that preceded it—better reading and constantly broader science. That is a remarkable record. Few scientists grow broader as they live longer; on the contrary they tend to narrow and groove deeper until, for most of us, they are quite buried from sight at the place where, like sand-fleas, they have, as they proudly say, dug themselves in. And not many stylists, in the literary trotting race, are able after so much production to maintain an easy and tireless gait, like Dr. Beebe.

He attains the maximum standard for a modern Nature writer, for he is a highly trained, hard-working field-naturalist and in season, a laboratory man, who when he comes to write for us, makes light of his labors and never makes us labor with him, and wears his scholarship as jauntily as a feather. He sets out to let us share in his delights and excitements. Always engaging, he writes as easily as a skilled lecturer speaks.

But he undertakes a harder task than entertainment. He has a vast biota to describe, to make understandable, and to make significant. And to keep afloat descriptive writing of that sort is one of the hardest of possible tasks. Nothing is easier than to sink, with this sort of thing, to a level interesting only to one's self. But Beebe never loses his audience.

True, he is writing of strange monsters like sea-lions, sea-snakes, boa constrictors, of howler monkeys, of gorgeous birds like toucans and parrots, of enormous tropical butterflies that drift, day long, in a continuous storm through Central American jungle aisles. But this material is no easier for a Nature writer to handle than the wild life of a Maryland farm. The complexity, the unfamiliarity, the extravagant beauty of tropical sea and jungle life have weighed down many an enthusiastic writer. But not Beebe, who is—I was going to say ambidextrous, but it takes more than two hands to deal with all his lines of endeavor; for he is an entomologist, ornithologist, and icthyologist, beside being a considerable botanist and mammalogist, deep-diver, sailor, and general traveler. That's a lot of equipment; to be worthy of so all-'round a



William Beebe

naturalist, the field he enters has to be rich.

And, as told in the "Book of Bays," it is. The good yacht *Zaca,* already familiar to all readers of Dr. Beebe, specialized on this trip in the bays of the Central American coast, from Lower California well down toward Panama. There aren't too many of them, and some were rough and some constricted, and many were dreams of beauty. But all are fascinating, and whether Dr. Beebe was ashore, in the mountains and jungles, or locomoting on his breastbone around the tidal pools, or making one of those descents in the bathysphere which it always gives me the jitters even to read about in my warm, safe bed, he manages to persuade us that nothing is so interesting or so worth the doing as whatever he happens to be doing at the time.

The "Book of Bays" closely parallels the "Sea of Cortez" by marine biologist Ricketts and novelist Steinbeck. The *Zaca* and the *Western Flyer* visited similar if not identical waters, and both encountered the isolated peoples and decayed small sea ports that are characteristic of the Pacific shores of Central America. Both give us the first sailor's-eye views of Mexico that I remember to have read, and both were primarily marine collecting expeditions furnished with a highly gifted stylist to purvey the results. Dr. Beebe's book is a great deal less startling, showy, bulky, and anthropomorphically philosophic. It is also, to my taste, much sounder, many fold more digestible. It was interesting, often delightful, to see John Steinbeck discovering biological philosophy and having a grand romp with it all the deck of his vessel. But Mr. Beebe, if he won't hate me for calling attention to it, is thirty years and more past his salad days as a scientist. He is a thoroughly seasoned traveler in Nature. And if he never pretended to the undoubtedly original literary gifts of Steinbeck, he can point to page after page of descriptive powers.

Historical Excursion

SEA OF MEMORIES. By Charles Moran. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 320 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE subtitle of this volume is "The Story of Mediterranean Strife, Past and Present," but its mellow and rambling recollections of the history of the Great Sea, from the siege of Syracuse to the present, suggest the scholar and the leisurely, somewhat whimsical observer rather than the expert on naval warfare. Its author, though a retired Navy man, rather shies away from his actual battles in favor of the human antidotes around them and the incidental reflections on life, and politics, climate and scenery, literature and group traits which his story brings to mind. He is quite capable of digressing from the Crusaders to T. E. Lawrence when the fancy takes him, and two of the most charming of the disconnected episodes he strings on the thread of Mediterranean history, an account of Xenophon's trip up country, which savantly combines schoolboy memories and ripe philosophy, and a description of the romantic courts of medieval chivalry which the crusaders once held among the ruins of classic Greece, have nothing at all to do with fighting by sea. This isn't a book to read in order to talk learnedly about grand strategy and the merits of torpedo planes. It is a book with which to escape on little sight-seeing tours of the past with a genial and unobtrusive guide.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 415)

W. T. STACE:
DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN

The struggle of our Western civilization to maintain itself against the menace of its antagonists is justified by the nature of man. We are fighting for our ideals because we believe . . . them rooted in reason and goodness.

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Dishonorable Enemy

THE JAPANESE ENEMY. His Power and His Vulnerability. By Hugh Byas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 107 *pp.* $1.25.

JAPAN'S DREAM OF WORLD EMPIRE. The Tanaka Memorial. Edited with an introduction by Carl Crow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 118 *pp., with bibliography.* $1.25.

THE SETTING SUN OF JAPAN. By Carl Randau & Leane Zugsmith. New York: Random House. 1942. 342 *pp., with index and maps.* $3.

JAPAN'S INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH. By Kate L. Mitchell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 140 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

HERE are four books to gratify the public craving for more firsthand information about Japan and the situation in the Southwest Pacific. Three of them encourage the belief that Japan is destined to lose this war; the fourth is the infamous Tanaka Memorial, which blueprints the Nipponese dream of world empire.

Although Hugh Byas's "The Japanese Enemy" obviously is a rush job, it was done thoughtfully and tersely by this longtime able Tokyo correspondent of the *New York Times*—an Englishman.

Byas takes us behind the modern façade of Japan and reveals the inner workings of a powerful, conscienceless military feudalism bent on world domination and convinced that it can lick the world. This conviction, as the author points out carefully and illustrates frequently and convincingly, was not reached in an emotional moment. It grew out of a cold calculation of chances and when preparations had been completed to the most minute detail possible, the die was cast.

"Do not imagine," Byas warns "that the Japanese allowed Hitler to inveigle them into a suicide pact, or to undertake a desperate venture to assist his plans."

Byas is convinced that victory ultimately will come from the irresistible pressure of United Nations' superior power, but he emphasizes that we must not expect any Napoleonic short cuts to victory. This authority believes we are in for a long and tedious war, especially because the war "cannot be carried to the cities of Japan until Russia comes in"—and he is by no means certain that Russia is going to come in against Japan directly.

We Americans with distorted ideas as to our bigness and toughness and strength are wisely urged, "Despise not thine enemy," and to reconcile ourselves to hearing worse news before we hear better.

Time spent in a study of "The Japanese Enemy" will prove profitable as well as interesting, more especially because, as Mr. Byas, points out, "Japan will eventually be defeated by the Fabian method . . . 'We can save the state by taking thought' . . . realizing the true dimensions of the problem the Japanese have set for us, getting rid of our illusions, and trying, so far as we can, to enter into the Japanese military mind."

"Japan's Dream of World Empire" is a formal presentation of the so-called Tanaka Memorial, with an interesting introduction and explanatory notes by Carl Crow, who was on the Chinese receiving end of Nipponese aggression.

While the Memorial deals chiefly with detailed plans for Jap domination of Manchuria and Mongolia, it frankly states that this would be but a prelude to the conquest of China and then of the world.

The Japanese officially—and, you will agree, quite naturally—have disputed the authenticity of the Memorial, but there is sound justification for the conviction that Premier Baron Tanaka actually prepared this conscienceless scheme of world conquest and sent it to the Mikado on July 25, 1927.

—From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.

Eighteen days earlier an admitted Manchurian conference of Japanese militarists had ended. Ten years later to the day—on July 7, 1937—the Japanese-arranged Lukouchiao incident occurred, launching the undeclared war against China. Meanwhile, as any review of events will show, the Nipponese had been carrying out the Memorial's imperialistic program without varying an iota. Since then, there has been no deviation from it, except some delays and detours caused by Chinese opposition.

Even though Japanese actions since December 7 have left us with no doubts as to Japanese aims, a study of the Tanaka Memorial clarifies the somewhat obscured background of Nipponese imperialistic policy evolved during the last quarter of a century—the last 350 years, in reality, because Mr. Crow reminds us that as long ago as the late 16th century, the Japanese Emperor Hideyoshi frankly aspired to sit on the throne of the world. "Japan's Dream of World Empire" will be a worthy addition to any library.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Randau sailed from Seattle last April 7 aboard a Jap ship. During the next seven and a half months, they did a *"PM*-sponsored" Cook's Tour, visiting Japan, Shanghai and Nanking, Manila and Saigon, Singapore and Malaya, Java, Sydney and Brisbane, Auckland, Fiji and Honolulu. They ended this conventional junket at Wilmington, California, landing "from the next to the last passenger liner to dock before the bombing of Pearl Harbor." Now they offer a word-picture which purports to be "a graphic and dramatic panorama of the Far East at the moment it plunged into war." In fact, the publisher's blurb lauding "The Setting Sun of Japan" says:

"After you have read it you will have a clearer picture of the whole Far Eastern problem and its possible solution than you can get from a barrelful of analyses by 'experts,' 'commentators' and editorial geniuses operating 7,000 miles away from the scene."

There are, of course, many "'experts,' 'commentators' and editorial geniuses operating 7,000 miles from the scene" who speak and write authoritatively from long and firsthand knowledge of the Far Eastern situation. Ignoring the question of bad taste, the publisher's efforts to disparage such reputable men and women would have been less discreditable if the promise of a better substitute had been fulfilled. This opus offers nothing new in the way of knowledge; except in an obvious lately-written last chapter, it does not even deal with what has happened since

(*Continued on page* 19)

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of Literature

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STEFAN ZWEIG

WHAT can be said about Stefan Zweig? How can we write about his life and his work, his meaning for our times and for history, and not have everything filter through a constant awareness of the circumstances of his death? Whatever should be said can hardly twist itself free from the troublous and numberless questions and doubts which inevitably grip and dominate all thoughts about the man. It is not for anyone to sit in judgment—there is no way of knowing enough about the delicate balance that is the will to live in any given individual to attempt to say his act was done out of weakness or out of strength or both. And yet Stefan Zweig belonged to the family of democracy. We counted him among our soldiers—not a man with a gun, to be sure, but a man with a voice. And now that the voice is stilled, we feel that the enemy has somehow won another victory. And because Stefan Zweig belonged to us, it is difficult to avoid a sense of uneasiness and even shame—yes, shame—that one of us should have felt cause to give up the fight.

If we had counted upon anything at all, it was intellectual strength. The enemy knows about guns and mass murder—that is his business, his only *real* business, war with him being an end in itself—while war with us is a matter of improvisation at best, a means to an end. But that end is a world which not only has room for the Stefan Zweigs and Ernst Tollers, but provides the rich earth and clean air in which minds that are really free can become freer and greater. We know that the tide will be slow in turning on the battlefield, that tools may be slow in reaching the mountainous avalanche they will have to reach if they are to bury those who would destroy us. That much has been made clear to us. But we knew, too, that at least we could count on the will to resist, that men with free minds and their spokesmen would not and could not retreat a single inch.

He was part of a symbol that seemed to be made of marble. The symbol embraced what we felt to be not only our strengths but our ultimate aims. The symbol seemed to be one of the few constants in the too-frequently shifting equation of democracy. Can we then, ought we, attempt to hide a feeling that burns deeper and sharper than grief?

One man not long ago wrote that "we are all confronted by the problem of what to do to defend democracy and maintain it, because in defending it we defend everything that makes life worth living." That was written by Stefan Zweig, who was contributing his credo of democracy to a volume called "A Treasury of Democracy." His publishers believe that his contribution to that volume marked the last paragraphs written by him on the crisis of our age. There is no room in that credo for surrender. Let us read more of it:

"Never in my life, until a few years ago, did I give much thought to the conception of democracy. Why should I have done so? Civil liberty was a matter of course even in the imperial monarchy, where I grew up. Spiritually, we breathed the atmosphere of democracy, just as physically we breathed the air, without considering the sustaining oxygen as a special privilege. But just as we only feel the need of air when we are choking, and feel the desperate struggle of our lungs when they lack the most indispensable element of our existence, so only now, when we see our freedom threatened, do we begin to be aware that democracy has always been essential to our spiritual and moral existence, and that it alone makes possible the dignity and the freedom of man.

"Now that democracy has entered into a struggle for its very existence, now that its treasured achievements are threatened by a reactionary dogmatism masked as a revolution, the moment has come to arouse it again from its pacifist inertia. Now is the time to point out what democracy means to us and to bring to the consciousness of the masses (who still do not understand it), what every single person, even the humblest, would lose in precious values of life if democracy is lost.

"Thus it is the duty of each one of us to impress vividly upon the consciousness of the masses that the 'new theories' and 'new orders,' disguised as progress and benefits, will only deprive them of what they have gained. For, in spite of all high-sounding phrases, everything which restricts liberty—that liberty which was won by the arduous efforts of our forefathers—means a spoliation of every single individual and a retrogression of humanity. Nothing can, nothing should obscure this simple, elementary fact: whoever tries, no matter under what slogans or banners, to destroy the will of the people to decide their own fate—and this means democracy—is the enemy of the people."

The Stefan Zweig who wrote that is still part of the symbol of democracy.

N. C.

Saint Michel de la Mer del Peril

Helene Magaret

THE archangel who loves heights,
Who ever bears a sword
And wears a glittering helmet for
The glory of the Lord—
Saint Michael—crowns the abbey church,
Like God or Lucifer,
The last of all his race to dream
The spirit of France will stir.

For ten years or ten hundred years
He has had no company
Save Henry Adams' ghost that comes
Like a mist blown off the sea.
From the crest of that gaunt crag they hear
The forlorn, thundering coast.
And never a word those two exchange—
The angel and the ghost.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Bliven Gives Credit

SIR:—In Mr. Pfeiffer's friendly review of my book, "The Men Who Make the Future," he singles out for approval the chapter on "The Benzene Rings." In view of that fact, I hope you can find room to report my obligation to Robert Cook, editor of *The Journal of Heredity*. Scientists helped me throughout this book, but Robert Cook worked so hard on this particular chapter that his assistance amounted to rather more than collaboration on equal terms.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

New York, N. Y.

"What's Happened to Television?"

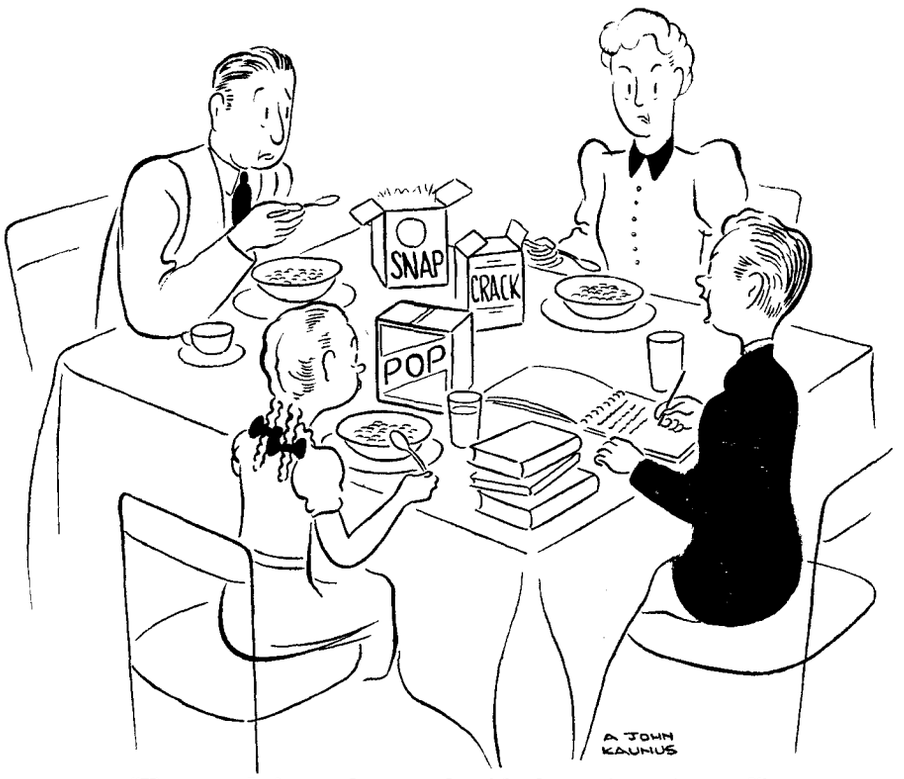
SIR:—The article "What's Happened to Television?" is remarkable because it never once mentions what happens in television—"Powerful interests," says your writer, "in the press, the movies, and the radio" have put television far back on the shelf.

Yet, in spite of these "powerful interests," one company alone, since December 7th, transmitted these programs:

240 programs of fully visualized news.
38 programs of special war features, analyses; including programs devoted to the armed forces, production, and civilian morale.
33 programs by the Red Cross devoted to first aid instruction.
24 programs by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
24 programs of sports, including tournaments staged in the television studio.
12 programs of country dances.
12 round table discussions—generally by authorities in their respective fields—on subjects foremost in the public mind.
12 programs devoted to dancing instruction.
12 visual quizzes.
12 variety shows.

As special shows we did, in addition:

A Christmas program (distributing toys to children—with the Police and Fire Departments);
A two and a half hour review of the year, including fashions, music, art, the war, etc.;
Several sales—by television programs—netting over $100,000 in Defense Bonds;
A program for the President's Birthday Ball at which was auctioned a page from his calendar, and raised $700 for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis;
A special program of our own movies of the Lafayette disaster;
A memorial program for Grant Wood, with Thomas Craven;
A special "cram" session in geography before the President's address on Monday, February 23rd;



"How can I do my homework with that noise going on?"

And in addition an hour of experimental color television broadcasts every week day.

This is about half of the television available in the New York area in the past two months. Your critic says that we are being held back. I assure you we have our hands full.

GILBERT SELDES.
Director of Television Programs,
Columbia Broadcasting System.

A "Hornet" on Music Critics

SIR:—Don't you know that you have loosed a hornet's nest when you open your columns to any discussion of music critics? Just the same, I, as one of those hornets, would appreciate space in which to buzz for a few brief moments:

Last year one of our leading musical magazines outlined a university course for training music critics. The articles amplified the need in the tyro of a taste for music, a knowledge of the field, ability to express himself on the subject; and then he added, as if in protest to a suggestion received, that as for *Ethics*, well, the Ethics Department could take care of that,—meaning, no doubt, that it was superfluous. Therein, it seems to me is the nub of the matter. Our music critics think they know music, are glib and even caustic of tongue, but as for a conscience to see things squarely and see them whole, why it's just not there. If arrogance is a sin they are sinners par excellence.

By what standard of justice should a young Juilliard School graduate with a few years of study abroad rip to pieces unreservedly a Mozart interpretation by Bruno Walter, or Sir Thomas Beecham?

By what standard of justice should a young critic with an expressed cynical dislike of a conductor, review and damn in toto his programs?

By what standard of justice should a critic just returned from years abroad in which in his critique he confesses that he has thankfully escaped Sibelius and knows him not, then in the same critique revile the Sibelius Symphony and dispose of the orchestra as practically worthless?? (This same critic in a later article in a music magazine, says that his forte is the piano and hence he has little orchestra feeling.)

By what standard of justice does a critic forever drag into the picture by way of comparison an orchestra from another city who play under conditions that can't prevail here, and whose almost every work they bring to New York has been recorded, so often have they played it?

Finally, why because critics in the past have killed or almost killed budding genius with their self-assumed arrogant power, must we today supinely submit to that despotism when we are giving our lives to end it elsewhere? Well, let us be thankful at least that Beethoven and Brahms had thick skins, but we shall never know how many Beethovens and Brahms's those same critics have slaughtered!

Only a Lay Music-lover,

ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY.

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Toward a New Strategy

DEFENSE WILL NOT WIN THE WAR. By Lt. Col. W. F. Kernan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 193 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IT is rather a pity that the writers of such provocative and evocative books on military subjects as this cannot ever seem to combine between one set of covers a fundamental correctness of theory with a fundamental adherence to fact. We have had some really brilliant criticisms of the set-up of the U. S. Army from Maj. Wheeler-Nicholson ("Battleshield of the Republic") and from Leonard H. Nason ("Approach to Battle") vitiated by faulty observation and lack of knowledge as to what was really going on. Now we have some equally brilliant criticism of Allied strategy which will probably fail much of its objective because the author has overlooked things that every military man must take into consideration.

For example, in his peroration Col. Kernan pleads brilliantly for the invasion of Italy as a sure step toward winning the war with the Axis. With a perfectly correct appreciation of the military factors involved, he says it could be done by a landing force of 200,000 troops followed by other groups of 200,000 a month till the war has been won. But at no time does he consider what the transport of armies of this size means in terms of shipping, a factor which the Allied high command must consider before it even begins. To carry the 200,000 original troops to Italy, granting that the ships could be so protected they would suffer no loss whatever, would take, at the very least, 2,000,000 tons of shipping. Another million would be required to maintain them. Each succeeding monthly increment requires a similar 2,000,000 tons, again half of which would have to be retained permanently in the service of their support.

That is, if Col. Kernan's program of invasion is carried out to only the extent of three months we would have to find something like 6,000,000 tons of ships, or more than Britain and the United States together have been able to build since the beginning of the war. Suggestions like this are simply barking at the moon.

The unfortunate part of this is that it is apt to cause people to take the rest of the book as barking at the moon, which is not the case at all. Col. Kernan says, and very truly with citations from Napoleon, Ferdinand Foch, and Charles DeGaulle, that, essentially, the German soldier remains what he was in the days of the Great Frederick—a Prussian mule, who has to have his thinking done for him in advance. Courageous, tenacious, great soldiers while they are working out a preconceived plan, they become hopelessly incompetent when attacked from an unexpected direction, forced to improvise.

The way to win the war, then, is clear and not too difficult to follow. The fact of over-all numerical factors against us is not particularly important as long as sound Generalship can, as it always does, obtain local superiority in numbers at the point of contact. It is merely a matter of finding officers who can correctly choose the points for contact, and above all, in developing that offensive spirit which attempts to choose the points of contact, rather than waiting for the enemy to preconceive his plans and select those points where they will most advantage himself. If, in pointing this out, Col. Kernan is able to do away with some of the myth of "National Defense" all his other sins can be forgiven unto him.

Lt. Col. W. F. Kernan

The People Behind the Swastika

THUS SPEAKS GERMANY—Edited by W. W. Coole and M. F. Potter, with a foreword by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THIS is frankly a propaganda volume to prove that the German people are responsible for the crimes of their present leaders. It consists of excerpts from the writings of notable politicians, office-holders, soldiers, philosophers, and jurists, all of which makes a terrible showing for a great people which has made such wonderful contributions to learning, to science, and to music. The editors have not limited themselves to the Nazi insanities, but have gone back to Frederick the Great.

The editors have even included the false and lying manifesto of the ninety-three distinguished German professors, the pick of the *Gelehrtenwelt,* who in 1914 certified, to their everlasting shame, that Germany had not "trespassed in neutral Belgium," nor treated Louvain brutally, nor violated international law, nor had anything to do with the starting of the war. To this statement they pledged "our names and our honor"; after the war some of them admitted that they had signed it without knowing the facts, still others that they had never even read it through. That men of the highest academic standing could thus discredit themselves, their profession, and their universities is the extent to which they had been corrupted by the Bismarckian regime and that of Kaiser Wilhelm the second. The later Nazi aberrations are, of course, even worse, especially the pseudo-scientific ones. They constitute a literary rogue's gallery which, if Germany ever recovers its senses and its intellectual freedom, will forever shame its people.

When this is said and recorded, this reviewer must add his wonder that such a book was really called for. All intelligent persons know from a thousand books of the menace, the obscenities, and the degradation of the mental output of Hitler and his gangsters. Anyone who needs this volume to convince him of these facts must be a Rip Van Winkle newly awakened. Possibly it was worth while to connect the spirit of Germany of this war with the spirit of that of 1914-18. Perhaps it is a service to resurrect the falsehoods and evil teachings of previous generations and thus to whip up still farther public hate of the present-day rulers of Germany. This reviewer is unconvinced, despite Mr. Armstrong's explanation that the book does not purport to reveal the nature of *all* Germans; that it is merely an anthology of what some Germans of high standing have said about the destiny of the German once; that it re-

(*Continued on page* 16)

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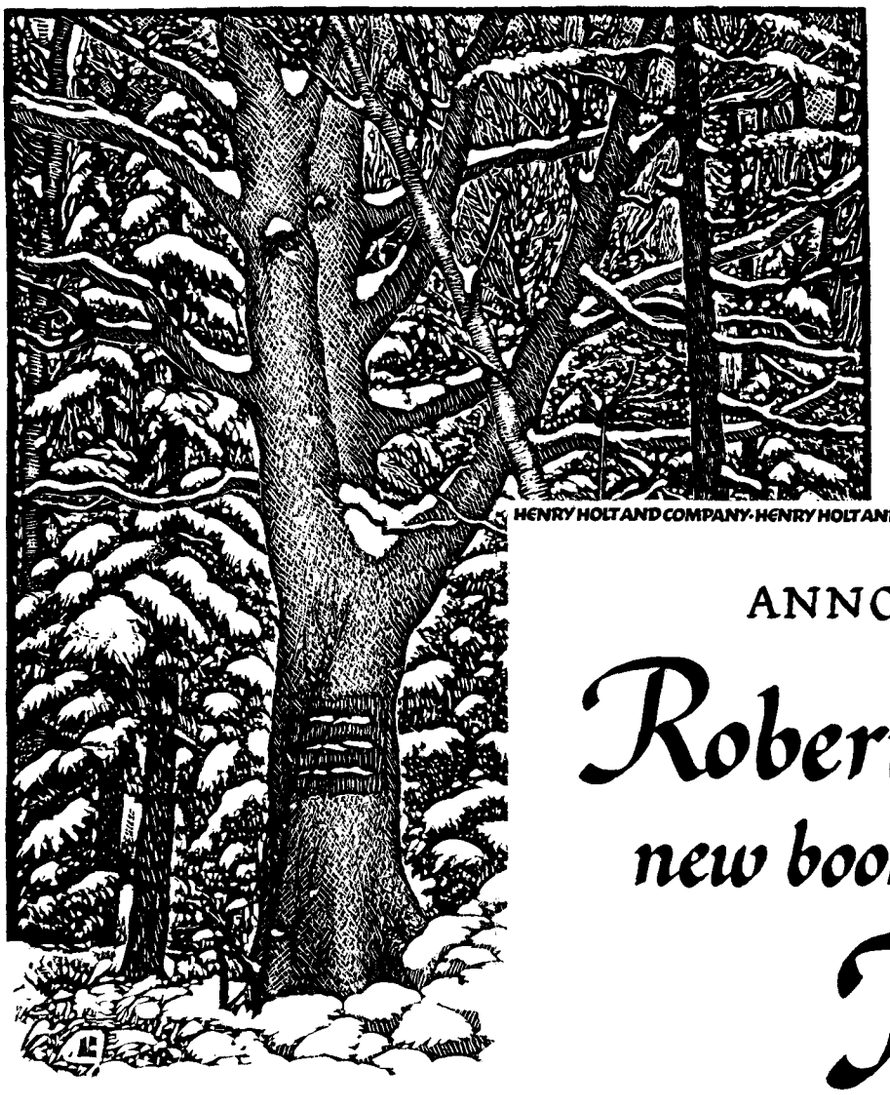

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY ·

(*Continued from page* 14)

cords "the reflex of an old strain of epidemic barbarism." It seems to the writer that if propaganda of this type is really needed, it is best left to the official propaganda bureaus.

Certainly a volume giving the other side of the, to me, inexplicable and fantastically contradictory German character (I think William L. Shirer in his "Berlin Diary" has come nearer to explaining it than anyone else), and showing that there have been noble aspirations, strong liberal currents, and liberal revolutionaries in Germany willing to give their lives for liberty, would just now be a more useful and constructive service than this compilation. For we have got to live with these blood-stained and guilty people after the war, and have got somehow or other to devise a system of international organization into which they will fit, with which they will coöperate, through which they will abandon the base savagery of war and conquest. Piling up our hate will not add to our ability to deal justly and wisely with them.

Then I have the very uncomfortable feeling that some malicious person may retaliate by compiling a volume of American utterances that would make us hang *our* heads with shame. I am thinking of Admiral Peary's long crusade to carry the American flag by force all the way to Cape Horn —no good neighbor policy for him; of Senator Beveridge's demand for world conquest; of McKinley's bloody subjugation of the Filipinos veiled in nauseating religious cant; of the utterances and acts of our Huey Longs, our Bleases, our Tillmans, and our Vardamans; of the many who say today that to protect the Panama Canal, we must hoist the American flag over every country between us and it. And what if somebody should record our treatment of our Indians, or the century-old defences of our lynchings and those burnings of men often innocently accused—a form of vengenace to which not even the Nazis have yet stooped? Such a book would hideously misrepresent the United States, but it would be savage and lurid reading; and it would make still harder America's role of peacemaker.

Mahali-Phal . . .

THE YOUNG CONCUBINE. By Mahali-Phal. New York: Random House. 1942. 282 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by FAY GILLIS WELLS

"THE Young Concubine" (*La Favorite de Dix Ans*) was selected by the French jury for the Grand Prix International du Roman and is the story of Atman, a princess no one will envy. She "lived" amidst traditional Oriental splendor and court depravity in Cambodia, which was part of French Indo-China before the Japanese came and is still the site of fabulous Angkor. Despite all her luxury—"Around me, fifty dancing girls in flowered robes unfurled my banners to the winds; my celestial standards of yellow silk, strewn with suns symbolizing my eternity; my terrestrial standards of pale-blue silk, spangled with moons for my beautitude; and my infernal standards of violet silk, sown with lilies for my compassion. " . . . she was probably one of the loneliest little girls in the world.

Her beautiful French mother was dead and she was despised by her sickly, old father who, though surrounded by a "thousand virgins," found vultures his most beloved creatures and proclaimed, "When my spirit shall have quitted this body full of filthiness, let the Brahmans cut my carrion into little pieces and offer it to vultures on plates of gold. . . ."

Although Atman was just six when the story opens, she was so old in spirit knowledge that the reader has to keep reminding himself that it really is a little girl about whom he is reading and not a witch of wisdom, steeped in the practices of Buddhism, the kingdom's official religion, as well as with the Brahmanism that once defied the Cambodian kings.

"In the mornings Atman went with her Brahmanic teacher to worship the Lingam, and showed by her exquisite simplicity that she acted toward this God as equal toward equal, so too did she go down every evening with royal pomp to the village of the king's ascetics, to receive at the hands of the negator of God the teaching which was to reduce her royal essence to an illusion, and annihilate it so that it might become the supreme consummation of deity.

At ten, Atman was happy for a little while, as her father found pleasure in his favorite ten-year-old concubine, but after he killed this concubine in a nightmare, life in Cambodia became unbearable for the little princess and after several months of training in Christian living, she was sent to France, accompanied by a "single ascetic."

Atman did not meet God in Paris as she anticipated, but only her mother's brother, with whom she lived. During the next five years she discovered the poet Racine, who had a profound effect on her thinking and almost made her forget her beloved Cambodia. In the course of her life in Europe it seemed reasonable enough that she should fall in love with her elderly uncle, Jacques de Saule, the only person who showed her kindness. They returned to her native land to be married only to find that after all the nuptial preparations had been made, her father, cruel to the last page, refused to let her be married in his kingdom and exiled them to the jungle. So Atman and her uncle went off into the wilderness, but on her marriage bed, she was "torn from the arms of her husband by the call not of God, but the call of the jungle whom she knew in truth was Buddha." She realized instinctively that there was no affinity between her two religions, Christ and Buddha, and "she knew that in going to be an ascetic in the forest she was only repeating, a last time, her Asiatic ancestors." Atman died at 18 according to the depressing prehistoric rite which does not permit a King or Queen of the Jungle to die a natural death.

The moral of "The Young Concubine" is East is East and West is West and never should the twain meet, for when they do, only confusion and despair result. For example, the author describes the relationship between the doddering, consumptive king and his child concubine as a religious illusion of love. In the Western world it would be recorded as sex depravity. Perhaps the author is trying to tell us subtly that Asia and Europe are centuries and religions apart.

The writing of Makhali-Phal (the pseudonym of Pierrette Guesde) is vivid, sensitive, and at times, beautiful, but most of the book is beyond credence by the average American. The setting is too lavish and the theme too full of decadent Oriental mysticism to be popular in the ration-conscious and vitally alive world of today.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Antonio, in "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare.
2. "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," by Robert Browning.
3. "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
4. Mr. Wilkins Micawber, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
5. Della Young, in "The Gift of the Magi," by O. Henry.
6. Kate Sims, in "The Twelve Pound Look," by James Matthew Barrie.
7. Mr. White, in "The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs.
8. M. Loisel, in "The Necklace," by Guy de Maupassant.
9. Keawe, in "The Bottle Imp," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
10. Montgomery Brewster, in "Brewster's Millions," by George Barr McCutcheon.

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Sylvester . . .

DEARLY BELOVED. By Harry Sylvester. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 262 *pp.* $2.50

Reviewed by R. L. NATHAN

THE first thing to note about Harry Sylvester is that he is a writer, a good one. He can handle talk and feelings, people and situations, getting right down under the surface to the core of meaning. His first novel is a powerful and arresting piece of work, and if not perfect it will do until he writes a better one. The scene is a small town in the South, where so many of our good writers have been finding their material. This time it is south Maryland, between the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, a town called Calverton. At the very center of the tale is a small group of Jesuit priests doing what we might call missionary work, among the hard-drinking, amoral, fiercely color-conscious poor whites, and the Negroes. Jesuits have so long been shrouded in literary mystery and insinuation that it is amazing to see them treated as they are here, human, weak, aspiring, building brick without straw, not heroic and certainly not sinister.

Father Kane and Father Cornish are the most successful characterizations in the book. The others are less so perhaps because they seem faintly derivative. We know we have met these violent sadists and angry lovers and tormented girls before, in Faulkner, in Caldwell, in every hard and bitter book about the South. That cannot be Mr. Sylvester's fault, although to have made them his own would have been a triumph. One sign of his talents is the feeling we have that his book isn't long enough. The pattern these characters make is that of a society rotted with hatred, fear, and despair. No man's life is good and no man is whole alone. The unit is the doomed society, a pattern that needed time, scope, largeness in its tracing. This story moves to a fated ending with too much dispatch, and seems truncated. With so many flimsy tales blown up to unreasonable length, Mr. Sylvester could have given his really strong material more time, more horizon. We hope he will next time.

Following a custom which has developed under wartime conditions among English publishers, of showing proofs of forthcoming books to booksellers in order to estimate more accurately the size of editions needed, Harrap's recently submitted proofs of "From the Land of Silent People," by Robert St. John, to a leading English bookseller. The bookseller came through with an initial order for 2,500 copies.

Harry Sylvester

Jaynes . . .

INSTRUCT MY SORROWS. By Clara Jaynes. New York: Random House. 1942. 383 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

"IT'S really silly of me," wails the heroine of a current radio serial, trying to decide between the boy back home and somebody named Lee, "to think so much about my private affairs when bombs might fall on us any minute." With which deference to the larger anguish of the times, she devotes the rest of her sponsor's time to her little troubles, let the bombs fall where they may. On a higher level, but with something of that same world-excluding absorption in purely personal matters, "Instruct My Sorrows" concentrates on the attempt of the lovely Jessica Drummond to come to terms with herself, her very small world of suburban Chicago, and her new lover in the months following the death of her husband. It is the year 1940-41.

Thirty-three, smart, very feminine and desirable, determined not to dwindle into sentimental widowhood, yet at the same time both unprepared for real work and not really willing to undertake it, she is a natural born leaner and knows it. Being conventional and having little taste for the deceptions necessary in a clandestine affair, she is nevertheless sufficiently modern and in love to take the new man on his own terms. She does not, with all her shrewdness about herself and other people, see Scott Landis for the rather cold and selfish person he really is, but prefers to find in his reluctance to accept ordinary ties a means of winning strength for herself, the ability to love and give without hope either of permanence or marriage.

Jessica and Scott, who is an able mining geologist, are discussing the world. It is sick, he remarks, and when she asks him what he thinks is going to happen, he answers that he does not know. He concludes there isn't much use talking about it but that learning not to accept other people's opinions was part of his job.

"I wonder what my job is," Jessica said. Then she asked with tenderness. "Do you think loving you could be considered a full-time occupation?"

A nice scene. Indeed, most of the scenes are nice. The authors (this is a collaboration under a joint pen name) have done well by their heroine and her setting, supplying her with those fittings which make a slick modern movie so pleasurable—good clothes, tasteful interiors, delectable looking food and drink, all the amenities, in fact, without vulgarity or ostentation. The characters have intelligence, awareness, and contemporaneity.

The combination makes a novel that is entertaining and it hints competent writing definitely superior to most stories of this kind. It would have gained in importance if it had opened wider vistas and would have been more amusing if it had looked with less indulgence and more irony on its heroine's self-centeredness.

The illustration published on page 13 of the February 7th Issue should have been credited to the Middlebury College Press.

Read this amazing Review by Max Eastman of

Ward Moore's

Breathe the Air Again

A lusty, modern, picaresque novel told in vigorous prose that hammers at the heart

"WARD MOORE has written a magnificent novel. It absorbed me from the first page to the last. I call the style better than John Steinbeck's.

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HARPER

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Goodman . . .

FRANKLIN STREET. By Philip Goodman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 277 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

SO many books have already been nominated for positions upon that legendary shelf which holds Clarence Day's books that it is worth while setting down one or two restrictive qualifications that such books ought to possess. They ought first of all to be free of worshipful imitation; it is not enough to write about a dominant and quirky old gentleman who sounds just like Mr. Day, Sr. That has been done, and perfectly. They need to achieve the same effect with different materials, the effect of gnarled and faceted character bathed in a whole vanished atmosphere, without doing Father all over again. In other words, it gets harder every time it has to be done. All of which is lengthy preface to saying that Philip Goodman did it, in the manuscript he left to be published after his death. Mr. Goodman will be remembered as a theatrical producer of great originality, and perhaps also, now, as a writer of quality.

This book tells of his early years in Philadelphia, on Franklin Street where he grew up. Franklin Street is, or was, a row of houses inhabited by a group of people remarkable in their variety, their depths and gleams of character, their saltiness of earth. Mr. Goodman, Senior, figures here with his wife, something (we must admit) like the elder Days in their whimsical relationship. But the others belong unquestionably to Franklin Street and to Mr. Goodman. They form a group portrait of rare and unblemished originality. There is the immense Joe Fleischmann, brother to Mrs. Goodman, keeper of the Washington Hotel which Mr. Goodman describes as a "bed-and-hush" hostelry, and a man of ragged gallantry. There are the Da Costas of ancient name, as petty as they are pretentious, the juices of living quite dried in them, an acid-humorous triumph in brief sketching. There is Syd Englander, scion of the town burlesque house and young Philip's earliest mentor in worldly ways. There is the Rabbi Salazar and his struggle with the souls of the Goodmans. And there are the numerous Gelsenfarbs, a new tribe descended upon slightly sniffish Franklin Street. In particular among these there is the beautiful Esther, the dream that settled lightly upon the street, upon Philip's heart, and vanished never to be seen again. The episode of Philip and Esther, told in the briefest, swiftest of pages, half in

Philip Goodman

laughter, half in wonder, is a miracle of understatement, something to be read in terror lest here, here, it is going to spoil, spill over, but it does not. Mr. Goodman's writing is his mind realized in print: clear, realistic, humorous, searching, loving, unsentimental. We are grateful for it. If there ever be another such, it will have to be worthy of Day and Goodman.

Evens . . .

THE RISE OF DANIEL CAVOUR. By E. S. Evens. Putnam. 1942. 362 *pp.* $2.50.

IT would be easy to claim at the very outset that no living man could be as monstrous as Cavour, but such an objection is not critically valid. The monster may exist if the author chooses to give him life, and Mr. Evens has given him life, undoubtedly. Daniel Cavour exists by virtue of a carefully constructed mountain of detail, one factor tied to another until the man is complete in all of his ugly fascination. He is the opportunist magnified beyond any limit, with no love for any one alive, be it mother, man, or woman, and with no compunction about deceiving and destroying all who may be of use to him. Naturally he rises, upon the backs of all who befriend him. It is the very completeness of his lack of human warmth that leads to disbelief in him, but that argument, as we have said, need not be advanced. A better objection might be that Mr. Evens neglected to provide Cavour with any adequate foil for his talents, or powers. Why is there no one in all of Cavour's lifetime who can offer enough opposition to make a real drama of it? Cavour is just a flat extension of the quality of selfishness, and he fools all the people all the time. That makes the story one-sided, an interesting invention not quite carried through. N. L. R.

Hutchens . . .

TIMOTHY LARKIN. By Jane Hutchens. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1942. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD CORDELL

THE amazing adventures of Timothy Larkin read as though the novelist had gathered her materials from family records, diaries, periodicals, and yarns relayed by word of mouth from one generation to another; for the rambling, picaresque story has the halting, irregular tempo of fact, with its many curious irrelevancies, rather than the smooth, artfully contrived pattern of fiction. The story both gains and loses by such an "unartistic" method. It gains in verisimilitude, and sometimes even in suspense, for truth *is* stranger than fiction. It loses, however, in sustained power, for the novelist does not exercise sufficiently her artist's right to stress, omit, and reshuffle her materials. The effect is that of life seen without the focus of art—a little blurred.

The novel provides a faithful and interesting picture of pioneer Missouri, and a rather cheerful picture as well, for the Middle Border had not as yet suffered from the economic distress that was to inspire Hamlin Garland's bleak narratives a generation later. In the decade preceding the Civil War the immigrant families in Missouri were still buoyant with frontier optimism. Life was hard and usually drab, and for its crudities and ugliness offered no compensation in books, music, or other civilized escape. But there was hope abounding, and these simple farmers looked confidently into a future of economic plenty, schools, churches — even beauty. This is the same Missouri which Mark Twain describes affectionately in the early part of his autobiography. The indeterminate and ambiguous position of Missouri in the anti-slavery struggle is carefully presented, especially the bewildering confusion during the early months of the war.

The backgrounds, however, do not smother the story, which is exciting without being melodramatic. Timothy Larkin is beset by family mishaps, bandits, sirens, and war, but rides easily over every threatening wave. He discovers his long-lost father, almost commits bigamy, is shot in the neck, is almost hanged, but the author invests all these unusual experiences with a casual matter-of-factness that easily persuades the reader to believe in them.

BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

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DISHONORABLE ENEMY

(*Continued from page* 11)

December 7; and not even a transcendentalist could find in it a "possible solution" of the Far Eastern problem, unless it is the obvious one, namely, that overpowering opposition will force the Jap sun to set one of these days. Hugh Byas's "The Japanese Enemy" paints a far more authoritative and illuminating picture, even though he overlooked a current grievance of Japanese women—that there are now "too many girls to a man in Nippon."

It is consoling to learn again that the Jap people are doubtful as to the success of the crusade for a New Order; that life must be harder—as it inevitably will be—before they rebel against their militaristic masters. But the Elsie Dinsmorish attitude of British leaders in Malaya and Americans in Hawaii is nothing short of absurd now, especially when it is accepted at face value.

Last August, the Randaus found the Australian defenders of Singapore complaining over inaction. That grievance has since been satisfied. They saw "great guns" carefully hidden on Singapore island, which might have been a mirage for all the effect they had subsequently. And, without attempt at refutation they quote a gray-haired Major as saying, "A year ago the Japanese could have taken all of Malaya as a gift, but not now." Similarly, in Honolulu, a few days before the attack on Pearl Harbor, they were told: "It would be stupid for the Japs to try anything here." I would like to believe the authors were being ironical when they quoted a young flyer as saying:

"There's room in Pearl Harbor for the whole U.S.A. fleet, but they don't keep the ships there . . . "

"The Setting Sun of Japan" admittedly is a good reportorial if poor analytical job, covering the Far Eastern situation as the quick-traveling Randaus found it. If they failed to anticipate eventualities, that is not to their discredit, because most of their colleagues were equally shortsighted. Nevertheless, much of it is dated and certainly none of it is dangerous to the reputations of the disparaged " 'experts,' 'commentators' and editorial geniuses operating 7,000 miles from the scene."

The author of "Japan's Industrial Strength" has prepared an appetizing meal for the analytical minds of economists and students aspiring to Phi Beta Kappa, but it's not fodder for Joe Doakes, who demands action and not facts and figures to convince him that the wages of imperialism, inadequately and inefficiently supported, is very likely to be national suicide. Miss Mitchell's facts and figures add up to a fairly realistic picture of the rapidly developed Japanese industrial economy unbalanced by its struggles against shortages of skilled labor and deficiency in important war materials; an industrial economy trying futilely to satisfy the money greed of private capital and the power greed of imperialists.

The inevitable conclusion drawn from Miss Mitchell's well done and rather monumental task is that the Nipponese industrial machine is creaking along toward self-destruction because, in spite of recent conquests and consequent control of new sources of vital raw materials, lack of Western technical efficiency will prevent its fulfilment of the ever-increasing demands to be made upon it.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEFENSE RESTS *Eleanor Pierson* (Howell, Soskin: $2.)	Deaths of Washington society woman and demimondaine greatly excite Capitol circles. Police are busy but it solves itself.	Readable and quite emotional account of blackmail and murder. Characters and background reasonably well portrayed and action sufficient.	Routine
FIVE ALARM FUNERAL *Stewart Sterling* (Putnams: $2.)	Fatal incendiary blazes and murders growing out of them forthrightly solved by New York City Fire Marshal 'tec Ben Pedley.	Read it for action, novel, and spectacular background, amazing data on arsonists, and tough talk. Less said about motivation the better.	Hot stuff
LAY ON, MAC DUFF! *Charlotte Armstrong* (Coward McCann: $2.)	Three participants in fateful Manhattan parcheesi game cleverly extinguished by elusive slayer who meets match in keen minded MacDougal Duff.	Well constructed and exciting baffler, engagingly told by country-bred ingenue, with neat plot-twists and detective with interesting method.	Refreshing
LAZARUS # 7 *Richard Sale* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Dr. Steve Mason, germ-fighter from Hawaii, encounters vengeful triple killer in Hollywood and helps detective Webster no end.	Highly colored, outspoken, and shivery yarn of murderer loose among movie magnates and parasites, with startling "scientific" overtones.	Good
HEADS YOU LOSE *Christianna Brand* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Ineffectual spinster and actress cousin lose heads in English countryside. Shoals of attractive red herrings bemuse Insp. Cockrill.	Although iconoclastic in certain aspects tale is satisfactorily grisly, pleasantly characterized and richly emotional—with a smash climax.	Worthwhile

No Match for Murder

By Jean Francis Webb

A Westchester polo player dies mysteriously in the middle of the field during a chukker. Murder, of course, but who did it? No one was within yards of him when he fell and there was no wound. Ted Perry, "reformed" reporter didn't care a hoot until the ring began to close around beautiful Lacy Burnell. Then he moved!

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TALES OF TERROR

(*Continued from page 4*)

gent person will be frightened by creatures he knows cannot possibly exist; some element of conceivable truth must be present to obtain a response from a discriminating audience.

The one most fertile field for the artist in horror to explore is the uncertain area lying along the edge of sanity where unhinged reason revels with the prodigies of its own spawning. Creatures that once were men seem especially horrible to us because they still have human form yet are devoid of everything that stands for humanity. And dreadful as they may seem to us, we know that the insane are our brothers; in them we see ourselves as we not impossibly might be —and are overwhelmed by the thought.

IT is for this reason that Charlotte Perkins Gilman's little masterpiece, "The Yellow Wall Paper," is so terrifyingly effective. It might be said that the woman in the story is haunted by specters that dwell behind the elaborate patterns of the paper on the wall of her room, but the last paragraph—surely one of the most spine-chilling in all literature—hardly leaves any doubt as to what is wrong with her. Kipling's curious tale of the East, "The Mark of the Beast," can be taken as a supernatural story or as a tale of mental aberration brought on by exceedingly powerful stimuli. It scarcely matters—the story is as good one way as the other. W. F. Harvey's ingenious "August Heat" is a pure tale of horror that depends upon frighteningly improbable, but not utterly impossible, coincidence for its power.

Ghost stories are fairy tales for grownups; in reading them we relive our childhood experiences—the fears they arouse are the echoes of fears we felt when we were very young, the suspense they create is the same heart-thumping agony we went through when we waited anxiously to hear what would happen to Little Red Riding Hood. They bring back to mind comparable moments encountered in other forms of imaginative literature —in legends, in myth, in poetry. We think again of Roland dying at Roncesvalles, sounding too late the horn he had disdained to use; we hear the mournful cry "Great Pan is dead!" roll out over the waters to be heard by lonely mariners on the night a bright star burned over Bethlehem; we see the roisterers around the candle-lit table in the Mermaid Tavern where the souls of poets dead and gone still drink to their immortal muse. Memory-plagued and image-haunted, our brains are the real refuges of all the ghosts that ever walked the earth.

The impressions made in our earliest years lie deepest, and they shape the very structure of our being. Man never outlives the child that is within him. In our dreams we revisit the long-vanished places associated with our youth. Why search for haunted houses? They are to be found inside each one of us, and at night we creep into them to wander through their shadowy halls. He who says he never saw a ghost has never had a dream or probed his own soul.

The foregoing article will constitute part of the Introduction to Philip Van Doren Stern's "The Midnight Reader," shortly to be published by Henry Holt & Company.

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

Next Week:

"The Dimensions of America"
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Skinner at Large

SOAP BEHIND THE EARS. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1942. 214 pp. $2.

Reviewed by Rosemary C. Benét

ANALYZING humor always seems a great waste of time. What difference does it make whether it is contrast, incongruity, or exaggeration that makes you laugh, so long as you *do* laugh out loud? Cornelia Otis Skinner's book, "Soap Behind the Ears," achieves its purpose—and a good one it is in these sombre days—to amuse the poor wretched reader who turns to humor as an escape from the gloom of world events. The subjects Miss Skinner takes up range from gently ribbing defense hysteria on Long Island, through the rigors of duck shooting or the suffering of a parent forced to attend a school play, to the difficulty of getting tea (and she means TEA) in any hotel. The end section is devoted to several pieces about the stage,—the problem of first nights, the summer theatre, and what not to say to a visiting celebrity. Surprisingly enough, in this part, there is an excellent, serious, warmly patriotic tribute to these United States in the chapter called "Long Live the Sticks." The author says, "It's a picturesque and beautiful land and no one knows it better than the actor who goes on tour with his eyes open," and she describes some of its beauties extremely well.

Each reader will have a different first choice in picking the favorite piece. We would vote for the one on learning Russian, "The Volga Tongue," the beauty parlor chapter, "The Body Beautiful," and the parody of Ernest Hemingway. *Life* magazine recently wrote that Director Preston Sturges of Hollywood, to be sure he was giving a full dose of entertainment, "clocked laughs in his new movie and reports that it has 102 chuckles, 58 plain laughs, 25 belly laughs, 8 yells." With this system in mind, "Soap Behind the Ears" should provide you with a number of chuckles and plain laughs and at least two belly laughs. (Yelling while reading is not encouraged for the average reader.)

The American Bible Society has distributed about 275,000 copies of the New Testament, in a protective binding, to American fighting men since the training program began. The volumes are presented by the Society, free of charge, to the chaplains, who give them to the men on request. This service is financed by the regular contributions to the Society from churches and individuals.

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"Do You Solemnly Swear..."

SUCCESS IN COURT, By Francis L. Wellman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 404 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

WHILE it is primarily of interest to lawyers, this book by Francis L. Wellman, long known as the author of "The Art of Cross-Examination," is likely to attract its share of laymen, as well. After two hundred and nineteen pages of anecdote and amiable advice to the younger generation of trial lawyers, Mr. Wellman turns the rest of his book over to John W. Davis, Frederic R. Coudert, Floyd E. Thompson, Henry A. Uterhart, Joseph DuVivier, Martin W. Littleton, Emory R. Buckner, Luther Day, and Weymouth Kirkland, who append advice of their own. Any lawyer who wishes to improve his court appearances could scarcely do better than to assimilate this lively compendium, and then go out and put the trade secrets into practice. Mr. Wellman's major theory—and it is to a lesser extent the theory of his colleagues here assembled—bears a grown-up resemblance to the preachings of Dale Carnegie. The "you" technique. Putting yourself in the other fellow's place, and so on. It is, of course, an excellent precept, and one properly calculated to win juries and influence judges. I had never thought to see Mr. Carnegie backed up by such illustrious names. It must gratify him to hear Mr. Wellman and his associates urging the novices of the bar not to rant and rage, not to thunder denunciations, not to threaten, not to lay on sarcasm too heavily, but to be gentle, winsome, and disarmingly guileful.

Those unacquainted with the law, and with the necessities of courtroom conduct, may be a trifle shocked by a book which candidly assumes that shrewd adaptability is the chief part of pleading. Perhaps it is just as well that frankness pervades this work. Lawyers will benefit, and laymen will discover that courts are not holy places, but worldly, picturesque, and fascinating. And deserving of study.

The treatment here is excellent. Each gentleman concerned sensibly uses a generous amount of example and incident. The result is a graphic and entertaining sermon. I do not mean to disparage Mr. Wellman when I say that "Success in Court" is funnier than many books that are offered to the public as specimens of humor. The entertainment in this volume is of the true, rich vein that the best trial lawyers are bound to mine in court. The spectacle is life itself, and not the inevitably tempered version of life that so often constitutes fiction. These men have spent their lives dealing with human beings. Their book—Mr. Wellman himself would admit that it is a joint production—is a comedy of reality. If the layman likes *raissoneurs,* and their intelligent wit, he and his lawyer brother can conceivably read "Success in Court" with equal profit. I may be wrong, but I think Somerset Maugham would like it. An Iowa Methodist, on the other hand, would read it with horror. It placidly advances many truths, strange and interesting, about judges, juries, witnesses, and, God help them, clients.

James Reid Parker is the author of "Attorneys at Law: Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore."

WHO WROTE THIS?

The Face of Judas Iscariot

Bonnie Chamberlin

AN old priest told me this story when I was very young. I have since wondered many times where it came from. No one has been able to tell me.

Centuries ago a great artist was engaged to paint a mural for the cathedral in a Sicilian town. The subject was the life of Christ. For many years the artist labored diligently, and finally the painting was finished except for the two most important figures: the Christ Child and Judas Iscariot. He searched far and wide for models for those two figures.

One day while walking in an old part of the city he came upon some children playing in the street. Among them was a 12-year-old boy whose face stirred the painter's heart. It was the face of an angel—a dirty one, perhaps, but the face he needed.

The artist took the child home with him, and day after day the boy sat patiently until the face of the Christ Child was finished.

But the painter still found no one to serve as model for the portrait of Judas. For years, haunted by the fear that his masterpiece would remain unfinished, he continued his search.

The story of the unfinished masterpiece spread afar, and many men, fancying themselves of wicked countenance, offered to act as models for the face of Judas. But in vain the old painter looked for a face that would serve to show Judas as he had envisioned him—a person botched by life, enfeebled by surrender to greed and lust.

Then one afternoon as he sat in the tavern over his daily glass of wine, a gaunt and tattered figure staggered across the threshold and fell upon the floor. "Wine, wine," he begged. The painter lifted him up, and looked into a face that startled him. It seemed to bear the marks of every sin of mankind.

Greatly excited, the old painter helped the profligate to his feet. "Come with me," he said, "and I will give you wine, and food, and clothing."

Here at last was the model for Judas. For many days and parts of many nights the painter worked feverishly to complete his masterpiece.

As the work went on a change came over the model. A strange tension replaced the stuporous languor, and his bloodshot eyes were fixed with horror on the painted likeness of himself. One day, perceiving his subject's agitation, the painter paused in his work. "My son, I'd like to help you," he said. "What troubles you so?"

The model sobbed and buried his face in his hands. After a long moment he lifted pleading eyes to the old painter's face.

"Do you not remember me? Years ago I was your model for the Christ Child."

Knife in the Dark

By G. D. H. & M. Cole

Several people might have murdered pretty Kitty Lake, gay wife of a staid young chemist instructor at a British university. Professors and students had been pursuing her with obvious intentions. And there, also, was that suspected spy. Quite a mess, but the one and only Mrs. Warrender solves it in her own inimitable way.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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Excerpt from a profile of a critic.

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P. S. The hotel is the . . . . . Inn. The advertising appeared exclusively in the *SRL* personals.

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The Crostics Club

THIS afflatus is from Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Shear, Winter Park, Fla. O! Double-Crostics, what unexpected crimes are not committed in thy name!" Our correspondent writes:

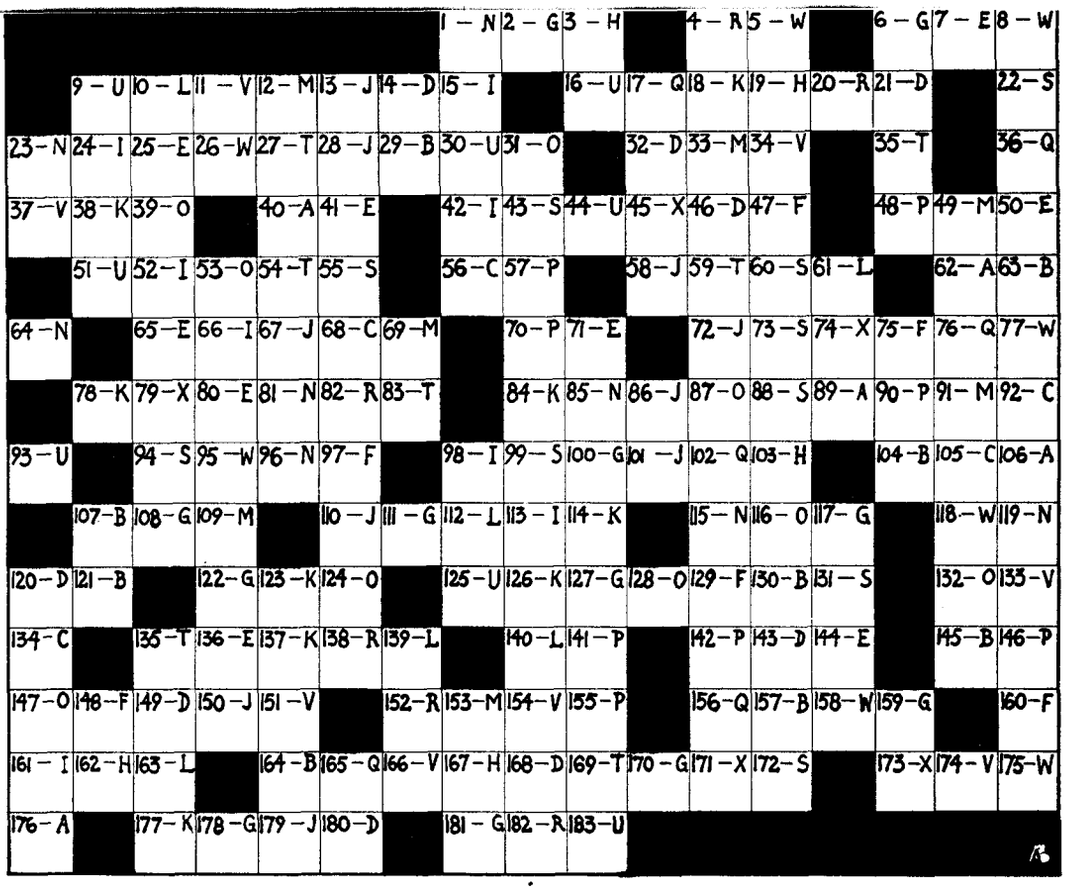
"As hopeless addicts to your Double-Crostics we cast our humble tribute at your feet. When in this wartorn world we seek surcease from sorrow in your latest cabalistic opuscule, we regretfully admit that your many nothous epithets sometimes spiflicate us, but we do not permit them to dolpt us. Even being omnists doesn't help much if you have forgotten (or never knew) Eshmon or Ebisu. When it comes to bibliographic assistance the Encyclopedia Brittanica, Oxford Dictionary, and the Bible sometimes fail us, while poor old Roget is certainly a back number. We hate to harbour the thought, but cannot avoid the suspicion that pure invention must account for some small part at least of your nuncupatory vocabulary, but with all your faults we love you still. When one of us becomes "requested" and casts the volume rather roughly aside with expletives somewhat stronger than cross words the other retrieves it and goes placidly on.

"We can but wonder what your ordinary literary menu must consist of. Is it encyclopedias and dictionaries for the main course with cosmic mythology as a salad and the Bible for dessert? We are happy to report that we have survived your previous efforts and are sharpening our pencils (hope the rubber supply for erasers will not fail. That would be fatal) in preparation for your next number assuming of course that we survive this one.

"Well, here is hoping that your cerebral apparatus may long survive the prodigious strain."

Others of you have "forgiven" me for the words I make up to fit my needs. Let me say most emphatically that though I may be brave in facing you erudite fans, I'm not brazen enough to impose on you thus. I never, never give you a word not verified in an authoritative source. In fact, I have even discarded a coveted word jotted down in my readings when I have been unable to find it authoritatively. I once yielded to a delectable word, *entusymusy* found in a series of letters between Byron and Tom Moore, and later from the diary of Catherine Sedgwick in describing the sensation Dickens's visit to America made on feminine souls at the time. But I declared its source. I once used *Phoebus* as a satellite of Saturn, as given in a new one-volume Encyclopedia I had been inveigled into buying. Canonical astronomers among our puzzlers rebuked me for my ignorance in their field, for the creature's name is *Phoebe.*

We acknowledge gratefully the letter of appreciation from Mrs. Robert B. Dashiell of Annapolis who says the Double-Crostics "have opened a new world" to her. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 416

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1938 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Author of drama *Don Carlos* (1676).

B. In the manner of an ugly, old malicious woman.

C. Noted Shakespearian actor (1901-).

D. Boundary Dispute between the U. S. and Great Britain (1846).

E. Author of the *Romance of the Forest* (1791).

F. Gilbert and Sullivan Japanese heroine.

G. To change with absurd effect.

H. Impetuous, rash.

I. The bag containing the gas in an airship or balloon.

J. Not easily restrained; obstinate.

K. Satan.

L. Bedouins.

M. The inventor of Bucolic poetry (Gr. myth.)

N. A Marlborough victory (Aug. 13, 1704).

O. Thoroughgoing; complete (comp.)

P. A *Castle* featured in a novel by Horace Walpole (1764).

Q. Gnarled; puzzling.

R. Member of a religious order devoted to a particular work (R. C. Church).

S. Proceeding straight on.

T. A Persian carpet of angular, small all-over designs and much camel's hair.

U. A National Park in the U. S.

V. Hodgepodge; jumble.

W. Those who make overmuch of the sense of the beautiful.

X. Spruce.

WORDS

40	62	106	89	176								
157	107	145	130	29	164	63	104	121				
134	92	105	56	68								
149	14	46	180	143	32	120	21	168				
7	136	50	65	80	25	41	71	144				
47	148	75	97	129	160							
117	111	2	108	181	6	178	122	127	170	100	159	
19	167	162	103	3								
52	15	24	161	66	98	42	113					
58	101	67	150	13	28	72	110	179	86			
18	114	78	126	84	137	123	38	177				
163	140	61	10	112	139							
109	33	12	153	49	91	69						
115	81	64	23	119	96	85	1					
147	87	132	53	31	39	128	116	124				
57	142	146	48	141	155	70						
36	102	165	90	156	76	17						
20	4	138	182	152	82							
99	43	88	94	73	60	22	172	131	55			
169	27	135	35	83	59	54						
183	30	9	44	51	16	125	93					
166	37	34	133	11	154	151	174					
158	77	26	95	175	118	5	8					
171	79	173	45	74								

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TRADE WINDS

WITH HISTORY being made day after day, and foreign correspondents dropping off bombers and convoys in droves, all with book manuscripts bulging in their portfolios, book publishers today are finding their jobs growing more and more similar to those of newspaper and news magazine editors. What is hot news today may be very old hat tomorrow and in the six weeks, at a minimum, that it takes to translate a manuscript into a finished book for sale on the counter, many a golden prospect can tarnish beyond recognition. Harper's recently felt it wise to cancel publication plans for two books: the Trotsky biography of Stalin, and Gedye's reminiscences of his experiences as correspondent for the *Times* in Moscow. And Doubleday has decided not to issue the reminiscences of Alexander Barmine, former Soviet representative in Greece who came here at the time of the Moscow trials. Books that are friendly to Russia, however, are enjoying a great boom, with Ex-Ambassador Davies's "Mission to Moscow" the best seller in the non-fiction list of 67 out of 69 bookstores last week. A reporter, by the way, recently told Max Schuster of an episode that Davies had inadvertently left out of his volume. "My, my! That was an Omission to Moscow," said Schuster.

MRS. NINA BAKER, author of "The Story of Simon Bolivar," is writing a biography of Juarez that will be published in the Fall by Vanguard Press. There will be two new juvenile biographies of Cortez this autumn, too. That should please John Gunther, who has been trying to convince a picture producer for months that the saga of Cortez has no equal for glamour and excitement in the history of our hemisphere. . . . In line with the extraordinary sale of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," mentioned in this column last week, Oxford University Press writes that it will publish on March 26th the story of "Napoleon's Invasion of Russia, 1812," by Eugene Tarlé, one of the great historians of the U. S. S. R. The volume utilizes for the first time a vast amount of contemporaneous documents which exist only in manuscript form and preserved in Soviet museums and libraries. . . . Thornton Wilder is credited with the tale of an inebriated Yale student who saw a signpost in Providence that read "NEW HAVEN: 126-CAMBRIDGE: 54." "Yippee," cried the scholar, "I always knew we could trim those guys!" Mr. Wilder has completed a new play, nothing like the memorable "Our Town," and is seriously considering producing it himself. . . . A final selection of hitherto unpublished essays by Virginia Woolf will appear in the late Spring under the title of "The Death of the Moth." Another June book on the Harcourt list for which a great many discriminating readers have been waiting a long time is Katherine Anne Porter's first full-length novel, "No Safe Harbor." If you have never read Miss Porter's book of short stories, "Flowering Judas," you have missed a work of one of the finest writers in America today.

JOHN AUGUST's spy thriller, "Advance Agent" has gone into its fifth printing. Our own advance agent whispers that John August is the nom de plume of a former editor of the *SRL*. . . . Lieut. Col. W. F. Kernan's "Defense Will Not Win the War" is this department's nomination for the Book-of-the-Hour. "Attack! Attack!" is the thesis of Col. Kernan. "To think offensively, with the resources at our disposal, is to win the war!" . . . Louis Kronenberger, who reviews the new plays for *PM,* has written "Kings and Desperate Men," a study of life in England under Queen Anne and the first three Hanoverian Georges. Alfred Knopf will publish it on April 6th.

THE FAN MAIL inspired by our first columns consisted principally of caustic inquiries from six competitors who expressed ignoble suspicions about just what we were up to. We sent them packing with a pointed, if irrelevant reference to what we regard as inexcusably luke-warm support of the Victory Book Drive. Publishers and the general public haven't begun to support this praiseworthy campaign in the manner that it deserves. They are after ten million books. They have received only two million. *The Saturday Review* has offered to act as a receiving depot for all books contributed to our soldiers and sailors. Based on our own experience, we venture to bet that even if you have already sent one package for this purpose, you can find at least twenty more books that are gathering dust on your shelves, and that will bring hours and hours of solid enjoyment to the men in our armed forces.

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